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Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"IF WE HAD KNOWN."

BY MRS. LINA E. STEWART.

How oft in silence and with tears we say,
While passing on life's many colored way,
Our hearts with suffering familiar grown,
"How happy would we be, if we had known!"

If we had felt the clouds so near at hand,
Or seen the waves that were our barks to strand,
Or heard the rising of the storms' deep moan,
We could have saved our hearts—if we had known!

If we had known that ere another night
Our mothers' eyes would close upon the light,
How tender would our wayward hearts have grown—
How thoughtful we, if we had only known.

We would not then have turned from her caress
And fond advice, with words of pettishness;
Sacred her every word and lightest tone
With death so near—if we had only known.

We blindly turn aside our happiness,
The bitterest cup to our warm lips we press,
Dash our full hearts, all panting, 'gainst a stone,
And then we murmur—Ah! if we had known.

When the dear hands, which tenderly clasp ours,
The lives that scent our lives like fragrant flowers,
Pass from our grasp, no more to be our own,
We cry in bitterness—if we had known!

And yet how little learn we from the past;
We say, this error surely is the last;
Turn on our way and e'er a day is flown,
We find fresh cause to sigh—if we had known!

We do but grope, with all our boasted lore,
In vain we strive to see what lies before—
Oh, let our days with gentle deeds be sown
To pluck the sting from this—if we had known!

Philadelphia, July, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A SONG.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

When the evening sky is glowing and bright
With the rays of the sun as he sinks to his rest,
And the pale beams of day give place to the night,
And contentment and joyousness reign in my breast—
My thoughts wander far over broad miles of land,
Wonder far, my own loved one, to thee, only thee,
And I dream that I hold in my own thy dear hand,
And hear thy soft voice speaking love tones to me.

And when I lie down on my soft couch to rest,
To woo the bright goddess of repose and of sleep,
I then long to fold thy dear form to my breast,
And feel thy soft ringlets o'er my pale forehead creep;
While waking or sleeping, while thinking or dreaming,
I wander afar, my own loved one, to thee,
And long to behold thy blue eyes soft beaming,
And hear thy sweet voice whisper love words

Michigan, 1861.

...OVELETTE.

...LEE.

...YSPAPER—PHILA.]

...SLER.

...ER I.

..., Margaret," cried Mr. Lee, ... himself, muddy boots and all, upon the luxurious sofa—tearing his hair and gesticulating wildly. Now, this same cry had so often greeted Margaret Lee, that she betrayed no alarm.

"Irrevocably, papa?" inquired the mild voice, and she scarcely looked up from the book which she was reading.

"Yes, yes, we are beggars; oh, Heaven!"

"Not so bad, I hope, papa," answered the young girl, incredulously. A moment after, a thrill of terror and self-reproach shot through her, as Mr. Lee fell, fainting, to the floor. She ran through the hall, screaming for assistance, which soon came. Mr. Lee was taken up and a physician summoned, who declared that brain fever had set in. And now a new era opened upon Margaret. Three weeks made her a woman. Day by day, night after night, she watched by his side, calm, earnest, heroic. How closely her father grew to her heart! The weak man, erring though he had been, twined himself around her heart-strings in his helplessness. Remorse for trifling actions, little unkindnesses—magnified into crimes by her morbid sensibility—tormented her; again and again she prayed for her father's life—only his life—now resolving to devote herself to the wreck which tossed wildly upon his burning pillow—and again, throwing herself on the floor in an agony of supplication, beseeching God to save him.

It was a hot day, and Margaret paced through the parlor, awaiting, in an agony of impatience, the physician's appearance. This hour was to decide whether her father should live or die. It was the dread crisis. At length she heard him descending the stairs, slowly—for Doctor Gray was old. Every step sank like lead upon her heart—she ran to the door. The kindly face of Dr. Gray bent down, and his white hair touched her forehead.

"Your father will recover, Miss Lee," he said, gently; "and your pale little face must gather some roses."

But Margaret only heeded the words, "your father will recover," they were like magic to her. She ran up stairs with a step so light that her foot seemed scarcely to touch. The heavy load lifted from her heart was almost too great a relief, burst after burst of hysterical tears almost exhausted the feeble frame, weakened by long watching and continued anxiety. It was several days before Margaret could go to her father composedly; when she was enabled to do so, she remained constant in her attendance during his convalescence.

It seemed a long time before Mr. Lee was sufficiently recovered to examine into the state of his embarrassed affairs. The result of his investigation had almost given him a relapse.

One evening, when Margaret had retired to her chamber, and was engaged in reading her Bible—a constant practice since her bitter experience—a knock at her door startled her. To her "Come in," Mr. Lee walked into her room and staggered towards her chair.

"What has happened, are you ill, Sir?" she inquired, anxiously, at the same time hurrying to his assistance.

"My poor child, we must begin the world—I have not a dollar—everything must go." He paused and looked around the room, and then continued, "Your piano, books, all—what shall we do?"

Margaret had expected it all, yet the blow came with stunning force. For an instant, she made no reply. At last, urged by her concern for her father, who sat the picture of despair, she attempted to comfort him.

"Let us begin anew, father. God will help us. I can teach—work for you—that, you know, will be pleasant."

"I do not regret it so much for myself, Margaret; but for you, my child. How can I bear the idea of your occupying an inferior station?"

"Do not mind me, papa. I shall do very well; you cannot imagine how ambitious I am. I feel already that I shall accomplish wonders."

"'Tis more easy to talk than to act—you are untried. In the glow and excitement of the moment, you imagine, that 'tis an easy matter to battle with the world; but when the hand to hand fight comes, you will find how difficult it is. Remember, you will have to bear the pity and scorn of those who but yesterday were proud to be noticed by Miss Lee."

"Oh! papa, I am not so ignoble as to regard what the world may say, when my conduct meets the approval of my conscience."

"You are enthusiastic, Margaret, yet there is truth in what you say. Always keep a clear conscience—never speculate." Mr. Lee smiled a sickly smile—speculation had been his ruin.

"As you expressed a willingness to teach, some time ago, I have made arrangements with my friend, Colonel St. John, to receive you as governess for his children. On no account, my dear, would I have done this had you not assured me you desired it; as it is, it cuts me to the soul."

"But, father, that is such a distance, I cannot leave you."

It is unavoidable. I must remain here until everything is settled; be of good cheer; I shall write often."

And so it was settled. In a week, after bidding a sorrowful adieu to her father, Margaret Lee set out for New York. The child, reared in the lap of luxury, departed to seek a home and a means of earning her daily bread.

CHAPTER II.

James Lee was the son of wealthy parents. Highly gifted by nature, no means were spared to improve his talents. With a vivid imagination, an elegant taste, a high appreciation of all that was noble and beautiful, and a keen, almost morbid sense of honor, he lacked energy to apply these varied gifts.

The only child, indulged in every whim, all his wishes consulted and gratified, without any exertion on his part, it is not to be wondered that this all-moving, stirring principle was not his.

When very young, he had married a beautiful girl of his own station in life, unfit to manage a household, and utterly incapable of quickening the indolent yet noble nature of her husband. With a different wife, Mr. Lee might have been a better man; as it was, his indolence, inattention and procrastination increased with his years; he rarely exerted himself to examine his business affairs, and when news of some great loss startled him, he merely buried himself deeper in his books—occupied himself for a few days more earnestly with his music and pictures—looked significantly at his wife's elegant attire or frowned ominously upon Margaret's expensive music master—utterly oblivious of the fact that he might supply his place—talked for an hour about retrenching expenses—exchanged a handsome coat for one a little more worn, and ended by proceeding in the same heedless, thoughtless way, living like a prince and never laboring.

Mrs. Lee grew delicate and peevish; little Margaret became spoiled and imperious; Mr. Lee tolerated the one and petted the other when in the mood; wasted his time upon elegant trifles, speculated and failed.

Oh, deluded parent! inculcate sound principles upon the tender minds of your children! Make them free and brave! Teach them to labor earnestly, hopefully! Above all, give them a cheerful religion—something to guide in the narrow way—to instruct in perplexity—to quicken, comfort and purify—to exalt—to fit them for Heaven! Who can estimate the value of that vital principle which renews the heart and revivifies the tired spirit, by whose influence the weak purpose becomes mighty and the faint nerves are made as those of a giant!

A pure looking upward, a hopeful trust and a "firm heart for any fate" are a man's power.

Mrs. Lee died. She had been fading slowly for some time, and at last the husband stood alone. Margaret grieved most for her mother; she loved her, and happily she, being too young to discern her faults, remembered her tenderly, not reproachfully.

After his wife's decease, Mr. Lee took up his residence in Virginia, where some favorite scheme for suddenly enriching himself occupied his attention. All his plans failed, and he became bankrupt.

Margaret was just twenty years of age at the time of this disaster, and we have seen how calmly and heroically she bore the loss of wealth. It would have been well could she have infused her energetic hope into the sinking heart of her father; as it was, this last blow utterly prostrated him, and James Lee arose from his sick bed a hopeless wreck, enfeebled alike in body and mind; his very pride departed, or he would not have seen his only child so readily, nay so eagerly, go forth to seek her own livelihood and occupy the position of governess.

Oh! weary, weary heart, and dreary, dreary day! Bright sunshine is more oppressive and saddening to grieving spirits than a sky misty with rain-drops. There is something soothing in the soft rain, and one fancies how the thirsty flowers open to receive the refreshing shower. But the pitiless, scorching sunshine—the burning, piercing rays and glaring light—it does not cheer and soften, but sears and burns flowers, grass and saddened hearts. So thought Margaret as she sat in the forlorn little "station," awaiting Colonel St. John's carriage. He had promised to meet her there.

She leaned her head upon her hand and cried quietly, forgetting her surroundings for a moment.

"Are you Miss Lee?" inquired a courteous voice.

Margaret started back amazed to see a handsome youth, cap in hand, half-smilingly, half-pityingly surveying her.

"Yes," she replied, recovering herself. "And you, I presume, are Mr. St. John?"

He bowed. "Please take my arm, Miss Lee, and do not be alarmed if you are stared at; this village is proverbial for the curiosity of its inhabitants."

He laughed, drew the slender arm within his own and conducted her to the carriage; he displayed much concern for her comfort, arranged cushions and curtains, and finally seating himself by her side, he ordered the coachman to proceed. During the drive he exerted himself very good-naturedly to entertain his companion; probably he succeeded but poorly, for, after several attempts to enter into a conversation, he relapsed into silence.

"Look, look—isn't it glorious?" he cried, as, after crossing a beautiful stream, they followed a winding road through the woods, and then emerged into a level country of the most blooming appearance.

They were approaching the house; a broad carriage-way led through a magnificent park, and now and then they caught a glimpse of the mansion through the stately trees. How quiet and still it seemed! A very Elysium after the dust and confusion of her journey! Margaret longed to hie under the trees, only the blue sky above, and rest.

A handsome white building—a long piazza literally covered with vines, crimson roses and honeysuckle burst upon her sight as they turned a corner and drew up before it. A wide, open door displayed an immense hall, a handsome staircase, sofas, chairs, and all sorts of comfortable, cosy nooks. Young St. John lifted Margaret from the carriage, saying:

"I hope, Miss Lee, you will like our home, Florida, I call it. You look wearied to death, here you will find 'the fountain of youth,' we are all young and gay." A tall lady appeared in the doorway. "Here, mother, I resign my charge to you; I have obeyed you to the letter, and endeavored to entertain Miss Lee to the best of my ability."

"How do you do, Miss Lee? You look much fatigued—shall we go to your room?"

"If you please; I am tired."

Mrs. St. John took one of Margaret's hands, and, after clasping it coldly for a moment, let it fall. Only a polite, measured greeting, a gentle inclination of the head, a quiet inquiry for her father, were all.

"Here is your room, Miss Lee; I hope you may be comfortable; if you need anything, just ring." She consulted her watch, "It lacks an hour to tea-time. Will you be sufficiently refreshed in that time to join us in the parlor?"

"Yes, I will come down presently; I am exceedingly dusty and travel-stained, the prospect of a clean, comfortable room is really luxurious."

Margaret divested herself of her bonnet and veil. Mrs. St. John's eyes, which had hitherto rested upon the ground, were now lifted to the young girl's face.

"My dear, how surprisingly like your father you are."

"Yes, it is said that I resemble him."

"Have you been ill?"

"Oh no, I am always pale."

"You will soon gain a color here."

"It is not natural for me to have a color."

"Please join us soon."

Mrs. St. John closed the door, and Margaret was alone in her new room. She looked around, standing in the middle of the floor, at the pleasant sofa, chairs, bright carpet, handsome table, neat bed, books, pictures and cheerful curtains. The lamp cast a fitful glare over the room, and a few ghost-like shadows flickered upon the wall. A desolate feeling—a painful sense of desertion—a chilly, despairing heart-ache moved the young girl to tears. Oh! the faintness—the dreary void—the vain, aimless looking into the Future of that moment! Not a bright spot could she discern; all was dark and clouded. She dared not review the Past. The Present sickened her, and the Future was unknown.

Meanwhile they awaited Margaret in the parlor.

"Brother," asked Mary St. John, a bright girl of fourteen, "is Miss Lee pretty?"

"No, she looked precious cross; I warrant you she won't allow you to waste your time on such work as this." He lifted a frail piece of fancy work and dangled it disdainfully.

"Don't," cried Mary, snatching it away.

"James is not a judge," called out her younger sister, Rose. "Papa, he said Mr. Gray was a milksop the first time he ever saw him."

"That unlucky mistake has destroyed Rose's confidence in your judgment forever, my son," remarked Colonel St. John. "Really," continued he, "I hope Miss Lee will correct you all in your choice of language. James, please speak respectfully of Miss Lee. You must not forget that she is unhappy; not only for that, but as the children's teacher, she deserves consideration. If you speak slightingly, they will also acquire the habit."

"I am sure," little Rose went on, bent upon vindicating Mr. Gray, "it was an entire mistake about Mr. Gray."

"Well, Rose, I was hero enough to acknowledge my error."

"There's nothing heroic about you, James."

"Let me see the picture which *your hero* gave you yesterday."

"Here it is. Isn't it charming? Mr. Gray said he had once seen a face which resembled it."

"It must have been Jane Palmer's, then." Here they all laughed. "James has never forgiven Miss Palmer for saying 'all boys were silly at seventeen,'" observed Mary.

"Judging from her conduct now, when she's forty, I fancy she was a downright fool at seventeen."

"Oh, James!" reproved Rose, and "oh, James!" corrected the father.

"It is not true," cried matter-of-fact Mary, "she isn't forty."

"Who told you?"

"She."

"Poor innocent, and do you suppose it is any more the truth for that?"

"Of course, Master James, judging from myself."

"Sarah," said James, turning to a graceful young girl, who sat toying with the piano keys, "I met Miss Jane, or—ahem—Miss Jennie, yesterday; she was just entering the 'Glen;' of course she knew Mr. Gray had just preceded her. You would have laughed to see the lackadaisical expression of countenance, the sentimental, die-away walk, the volume of poems under her arm—a few half-withered violets, emblematic of her fading youth, in her hand, and that ubiquitous portfolio, she carries that to give herself a literary look."

Sarah half-turned, nodded and laughed, but did not answer; now and then she drew her fingers across the keys and played in soft abstraction.

"I hope she fell into the creek," continued he, maliciously.

"James, you are an abusive fellow. Miss Palmer is too amiable and harmless to be so evil spoken of."

"Amiable! Bah! I hate sentimental people! I despise 'em. I think God made us to work and realize things, not to imagine ourselves isolated and unappreciated, and to go about searching for congenial spirits."

"Bravo, James; I wish you would practise as well as preach. A fine young man, with so exalted an opinion of human duties, should not waste the greater part of the day in sleeping and fishing, and the rest in slandering his neighbors," remarked the Colonel.

"Here's mother," cried half-a-dozen voices, as Mrs. St. John appeared. Sarah left the piano.

"Is Miss Lee coming down soon?" she inquired.

"Yes, my dear."

"Oh, dear mother, tell us how she looks. James is such a stubborn fellow he will not," cried the girls.

"I suppose I will be a 'stubborn fellow,' too, if I do not gratify you. Miss Lee will be here presently, you may judge for yourselves."

"Children," said James, oracularly, "you should learn to have patience."

"Dear me, James thinks he is exceedingly wise and old," was the answer.

The door opened softly, and, amid a profound stillness, an erect, graceful figure moved towards Colonel St. John. He arose, bowed courteously, and, turning towards his daughter, said:

"Allow me to introduce my daughter, Miss St. John. I hope, Sarah, Miss Lee may find a welcome from you, and that you will become friends."

Margaret's bow and smile were heartily returned, and the young ladies shook hands warmly.

"Here are your pupils, Rose and Mary. Come, children, speak to Miss Lee."

Margaret shook hands with the little ones in a half-shy half-stately manner. She had never known many children, and did not fancy them particularly. Of a nature singularly frank and truthful, her likes and dislikes were plainly perceived, and being utterly incapable of concealment, she never feigned cordiality where it was not felt. Therefore the children shrunk a little from her cold, constrained manner.

Colonel St. John's handsome face and courteous manners made an impression upon Margaret. She conceived a regard for him which was augmented by his exceeding kindness to her. He made many inquiries about her father, and evinced a strong affection for him; they had been friends in boyhood.

Little Rose had been regarding Margaret very attentively for some moments, critically at first, and then admiringly.

"Come, birdie," laughed the Colonel, "I think you have examined Miss Lee sufficiently. Let us have the benefit of your opinion. Was James right?"

"No, Sir; Miss Lee doesn't look cross."

How they laughed! Rose hid her crimson face in Sarah's rich purple dress, and Margaret looked at James in a grave sort of way, so that he, half-abashed, and rather humbled, felt a painful sense of her superiority.

It is not a pleasant feeling for a man to know that a woman is more worthy of respect than he. It chagrins him to see that he might be improved by emulating her.

Now, James S. John was an intelligent, sensible young gentleman, chivalrous and proud, but withal a little lazy and self-conceited. He fancied himself to be eccentric; and, whilst railing against affectation, he entirely overlooked the fact of his wishing to be considered a cynic, a sort of Diogenes.

He had a rough, square face, and an odd way of contorting his features. His voice was deep and strong, and he said the wittiest things in the quietest way. With young ladies he was a "hateful fellow," to his mother he was a pest, and always, upon all occasions, he was an original.

Presently all said "Good-night," and Margaret Lee's first evening in her new home ended.

CHAPTER III.

Two months had passed. It was an Indian summer day. The soft, hazy atmosphere cast a sort of misty veil over all nature. Sarah St. John and Margaret Lee walked side by side towards the lake.

"What a deliciously dreamy day!" observed Margaret. "One sees everything through a mist. I cannot realize anything to-day; all sounds and sights are softened, and I have moved on without aim—a saddened kind of joy possessing me. I cannot define the feeling, but, no doubt, you have experienced it."

"Oh, yes! I understand, 'tis

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

"Yes, how much Longfellow has expressed in those few words. Sarah, turn your face to the sky. Do you hear the pines sighing?"

"Yes, how inexpressibly mournful! I never recall, with so keen a regret, lost friends and past pleasures as when I listen to the dirge-like music of wind-swayed leaves."

"And *I* bring back lost faces when it rains softly—not stormily—when the drops come down, drip, drip, upon the roof. Do you remember the legend of the Christ of Andernach?"

"Yes, 'tis spoken of in Hyperion."

"I never *realized* anything so much as that. I read it at night, and as I looked up from my book, I almost fancied I saw the pale, saintly face, and the lonely figure moving so silently through the rain."

"I have seen a face which always reminds me of that."

"Whose is that? Mr. Gray's?"

"Yes; what made you think of him? You have never seen him; he has been absent since you came."

"People mention his name so reverently, I fancied he was a saint upon earth."

"So he is."

"Here, Sarah, let us sit upon this fallen tree. Look! nothing but water and trees! What profound stillness! If it were night, this would be awful silence! How my heart swells, expands! What glowing thoughts thrill me!"

"You are enthusiastic, Margaret. I too have felt thus glorified as it were. A beautiful sunset, a poem, a tiny flower or a word have thrilled me with a painful ecstasy. At such times, I am strengthened and renewed, and resolve to labor and to wait like a heroine; but when the glow and excitement have passed, there is nothing to incite me further. A listlessness seizes me—I find it too difficult to persevere steadily. Oh! Margaret, it is painful to think of the little which I have done! When I am judged, I fear I shall fall fearfully short."

"You are awake to thought, but not to action. Sarah, you underrate yourself—you are not content with doing a little, that is the difficulty."

"I neglect a thousand opportunities of improving myself and others. I can soar away upward in imagination, but am not so noble and strong as you, who grapple with realities and conquer them."

"God is all-powerful, He will impart strength to you."

"Margaret, had you ever a sin which clung to you?—which twined and twined around your heart-strings—something bitter and yet precious beyond life—wearying yet delighting you?"

"No; what do you mean, Sarah?" No answer for a moment.

"How fanciful we have been! there are really very few people who imagine anything of the deep inner life of those with whom they associate. This day has given me a glimpse of yours. Yesterday you were only stately Miss Lee, my sisters' governess—to-day, you have grown very close to my heart—a few words will give the key to a friendship which may endure forever!"

"You promised to tell me something of that mysterious Mr. Gray, once; will you not gratify me now?"

"How shall I commence? Once upon a time?"

"No, Sarah, be reasonable, and give me a matter-of-fact history."

"Very well. Years ago, we knew his family. The Grays are exceedingly aristocratic. His parents are purely selfish people, they have an easy way of taking life, caring nothing for intellectual pleasures—good-naturedly tolerating all disagreeable persons and things, and manifesting no energy except in maintaining the dignity and pride which have always characterized the family. Charles Gray is totally different. He was born a genius. He has been highly-educated, has travelled, and seen the world. Without a regret, he renounced the grandeur of his home, the allurements of fashionable life, the calls of ambition, obeyed the call of duty, and came, five years ago, to this parish, as rector. Here he preaches, teaches, and, above all, practices. You would be astonished should I tell you the marvellous change which has been effected by him in this place. The idle, dissipated parents have been induced to attend church; the neglected children are taught and cared for. Every man and woman reverence and love him. He is never undignified. The very tips of his fingers bespeak the well-born, refined gentleman; the atmosphere of grace and purity which surrounds him has influenced those who are taught by him. His pupils are quiet and orderly, and devotedly attached to the church. He has marked out a course for himself—not an inch will he deviate. Onward—upward—looking aloft, he marches steadily. I would give years of my life, Margaret, to have such a pure, saintly heart as his."

"Yes, Sarah, when we meet god-like men, we women, notwithstanding our boasted independence, feel like falling down to worship."

"And yet we oftener *love* those who are much less noble," was the quiet reply, and a shade replaced the animated expression which she had previously worn.

"Let us go home, Margaret. Miss Parks will be there by the time we arrive, and she would not pardon me if I were absent."

"Sarah, when will Mr. Gray return?"

"He is expected this evening—he will preach on Sunday."

"Is he handsome?"

"Ah! ah! you exhibit curiosity. Do you know I have watched you for weeks and have never perceived it before?"

"Indeed! then you have less penetration than I gave you credit for."

"I am sorry I told you about Mr. Gray; I shall not say any more. Have you not observed that, when one's expectations have been raised very high, the reality falls short? Or, in other words, we are always disappointed in those upon whom much praise has been lavished?"

"But your description has led me to expect an angel."

"I did not say he was handsome. I want you to like him; you may find out minor points for yourself." Then, looking up archly, "But, Margaret, you must only love Platonically. Report says he has resolved never to marry."

"Indeed! Do the young ladies seem to be sensible of his attractions, or does that terrible vow repel them?"

"Half-a-dozen are sighing for his smiles. Miss Palmer has lost her heart entirely."

"Is Miss Palmer an old maid?"

"Yes."

"Shadowy and sentimental?"

"Yes."

"Sarah, I pity old maids."

"Do you? Why should you?"

"They are so forlorn. I think every unmarried woman has an unsettled feeling—a sort of restlessness. They may enjoy a happiness freer from the petty cares, the little vexations which wear the body and fret the temper of married women, but a lonely feeling of not having fulfilled a woman's duties will haunt them."

"Why, Margaret, I fancied you intended to become one of the sisterhood." Miss Lee's pale face mustered color.

"I have a theory about marriage. I think a woman, no matter how noble, how aspiring, how well soever she may be fitted to do battle alone with the world, finds her only earthly rest in a home—a husband's heart."

"Married people are seldom happy. I do not know three contented married women."

"They would not be unmarried, depend upon it. Their cares are dear to them; they would not exchange. Though regrets may sometimes enter their heart, in the end they prefer the life of trial, with a companion, to a lonely one of ease."

"I do not believe it, Margaret. How few wives who possess energy and character are fully matched! I think God meant that man should be our leader and guide. How can this be when he is weaker than the wife? She ought to respect him—if he does not command it, she will either loathe or pity him. Oh! I have seen what has made me shudder, the contempt, the sad shiftings and quarrels of the unequally yoked together."

"But, Sarah, what is to become of our charity? We must bear and forbear, you know."

"I know it, but it is exceedingly difficult to let patience have her perfect work."

"Whatever comes is sent by God, we must take it cheerfully."

"Now there is Mrs. Parks, I believe she would have been a better woman, had it not been for her terrible married life."

"Mrs. Parks is your grandmother?"

"No; Mrs. St. John is only my stepmother. Mrs. Parks is her mother."

"Do you remember your mother, Sarah?"

"No."

"I remember mine distinctly. Some sorrows pierce like needles to the very core of the heart and endure forever. Time mitigates the pain, softens the memory; a sort of dim, shadowy sadness takes the place of the sharp, real, first grief; but the influence always remains with me; I never totally forget. At times I recall my dead friends, one by one, and sit communing with them; I see them so vividly—almost hear their voices, and then comes the sad, sad consciousness that they are no more, no more. I have stretched out my arms in vain longing, in hopeless, agonizing yearning for the beloved dead."

"You have suffered much in your short life, Margaret. A great grief would kill me. You are nobler, more enduring than I."

Was that speech prophetic? Many years afterwards Margaret recalled this conversation in the "gloaming," and remembered Sarah's words.

They had now reached the house, and saw through the lighted windows the family gathered in the parlor.

"Dear me, there's Grandma."

Their entrance was hailed noisily, and amid general confusion Margaret was introduced to Mrs. Parks. She received a cool bow, a cooler stare, and the coolest examination from the lady's sharp, gray eyes.

Mrs. Parks was a woman of fifty-five; always handsomely dressed, faultlessly neat. She was haughty and uncompromising, with no womanly feeling, and not little love for any but her own children. A stingy woman, whose heart and purse rarely expanded in the cause of charity. One whose hand seldom distributed to anybody's necessity. Sternly regarding the truth—punctilious about observing the rules of etiquette, and intolerant of sentimentality. Woe to the luckless wight who presumed to offend in these points. Mrs. Parks never hesitated to speak her mind, and that very freely.

She was talking, as fast as possible, when Sarah dared to interrupt her for the purpose of introducing the governess. James leaned against the mantel-piece watching her curiously.

"Dear me, such a visit as I've had. I really am tired to death. You know Mrs. More's weakness; well I have been terribly bored. She gave me the private history of all Mr. More's relatives, and complained of the injuries which she had received from them. Or, Mrs. More is a perfect nonentity—and such a gossip! It was really shocking to hear him slander his neighbors."

"I agree with you in thinking it an awful thing to slander one's neighbors," remarked James.

Sarah's lip curled, and Margaret turned her amused face to the window.

"Hold your tongue, Master Pert; one never could speak for you."

"Indeed, ma'am," said he, turning his comical face towards her, "I think I have not hindered you much." He then retreated behind Miss Lee's chair, holding his tongue with finger and thumb.

"I am wearied to death, and so hungry. Here Miss—Miss Lee—will you take my cloak?"

The manner was so supercilious, so excessively condescending, that Margaret arose very slowly to execute the command. She stood by with elevated head and waited rather haughtily till Mrs. Parks divested herself of her cloak, which she had kept over her shoulders, complaining of the cold. Rose sprang forward and carried it up-stairs. Mrs. Parks settled herself and turned her back upon Margaret.

"I saw Mr. Delaney yesterday, Sarah," said Mrs. Parks.

"Did you, madam?" was the quiet reply.

"How profoundly indifferent you are," said the lady, turning round and surveying the young girl keenly, apparently satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, though Sarah's eyes remained fixed upon the fire, and she neither moved nor spoke, she continued: "I lectured him upon his behavior, and I assure you I did not spare him."

"I dare say he was both gratified and edified," answered Miss St. John, lifting her brows.

"I told him," she said, growing provoked at Sarah's indifference, "that he was a presumptuous puppy, and that we never wished to see his face again."

"For which, no doubt, he thanked you heartily; but," continued she, rising and looking at the lady, her eyes flashing fire, "I think you would make yourself more agreeable, and gain more respect, if you attended to your own affairs. It is too contemptible! Cease your insults to me, at once and forever."

With haughty steps and an angry brow, Sarah left the room.

"Upon my word," was the cool comment.

"You should not remind Sarah of the past, poor child. I command you all," said the Colonel, with a dignity which he well knew how to assume, "never to mention the name which has driven my daughter from the family circle to-night."

"Odious old wretch," whispered James, "grinning, malicious thing! Woman are hateful animals, they like to tortuze each other! Don't she enjoy that, though?"

"Rose, sit up, child. Miss Lee—"

Here James whispered, "Prepare yourself—she is making ready to sting you."

"Miss Lee, I desire you to be very particular with these children. I notice they have fallen into careless habits lately. It will require your whole time and attention to form their manners."

"Perhaps Miss Lee likes to catch a glimpse of nature in a child now and then. I do," laughed James.

"When I was young," she went on, without heeding him, "every pains was bestowed upon me; my governess devoted all her time to me, and I had masters besides. But, dear me! everything was done by a rule and system; we walked and talked just so much, and considered it highly improper to interrupt or speak saucily to our elders." She glanced expressively at her grandson's grinning visage.

"La me! you've deteriorated awfully—you're the greatest talker I ever heard," muttered the incorrigible boy. Then aloud, "I don't like these proper people; prim, precise, oldmaidish creatures, afraid to laugh or romp; after all, they are just the most malicious."

"I think it is necessary to correct children often, yet not too frequently. They are apt to become affected and artificial when obliged to regulate their conduct by rule. I want to see them joyous and innocent," observed the Colonel.

"And I believe children learn many things by intuition. The best teachers of morality and manners are example, sympathy, love," said Margaret Lee, very composedly.

"Indeed! Do the young ladies seem to be sensible of his attractions, or does that terrible vow repel them?"

"Half-a-dozen are sighing for his smiles. Miss Palmer has lost her heart entirely."

"Is Miss Palmer an old maid?"

"Yes."

"Shadowy and sentimental?"

"Yes."

"Sarah, I pity old maids."

"Do you? Why should you?"

"They are so forlorn. I think every unmarried woman has an unsettled feeling—a sort of restlessness. They may enjoy a happiness freer from the petty cares, the little vexations which wear the body and fret the temper of married women, but a lonely feeling of not having fulfilled a woman's duties will haunt them."

"Why, Margaret, I fancied you intended to become one of the sisterhood." Miss Lee's pale face mustered color.

"I have a theory about marriage. I think a woman, no matter how noble, how aspiring, how well soever she may be fitted to do battle alone with the world, finds her only earthly rest in a home—a husband's heart."

"Married people are seldom happy. I do not know three contented married women."

"They would not be unmarried, depend upon it. Their cares are dear to them; they would not exchange. Though regrets may sometimes enter their heart, in the end they prefer the life of trial, with a companion, to a lonely one of ease."

"I do not believe it, Margaret. How few wives who possess energy and character are fully matched! I think God meant that man should be our leader and guide. How can this be when he is weaker than the wife? She ought to respect him—if he does not command it, she will either loathe or pity him. Oh! I have seen what has made me shudder, the contempt, the sad shiftings and quarrels of the unequally yoked together."

"But, Sarah, what is to become of our charity? We must bear and forbear, you know."

"I know it, but it is exceedingly difficult to let patience have her perfect work."

"Whatever comes is sent by God, we must take it cheerfully."

"Now there is Mrs. Parks, I believe she would have been a better woman, had it not been for her terrible married life."

"Mrs. Parks is your grandmother?"

"No; Mrs. St. John is only my stepmother. Mrs. Parks is her mother."

"Do you remember your mother, Sarah?"

"No."

"I remember mine distinctly. Some sorrows pierce like needles to the very core of the heart and endure forever. Time mitigates the pain, softens the memory; a sort of dim, shadowy sadness takes the place of the sharp, real, first grief; but the influence always remains with me; I never totally forget. At times I recall my dead friends, one by one, and sit communing with them; I see them so vividly—almost hear their voices, and then comes the sad, sad consciousness that they are no more, no more. I have stretched out my arms in vain longing, in hopeless, agonizing yearning for the beloved dead."

"You have suffered much in your short life, Margaret. A great grief would kill me. You are nobler, more enduring than I."

Was that speech prophetic? Many years afterwards Margaret recalled this conversation in the "gloaming," and remembered Sarah's words.

They had now reached the house, and saw through the lighted windows the family gathered in the parlor.

"Dear me, there's Grandma."

Their entrance was hailed noisily, and amid general confusion Margaret was introduced to Mrs. Parks. She received a cool bow, a cooler stare, and the coolest examination from the lady's sharp, gray eyes.

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"Brava! speak out for yourself," whispered the imp at her elbow.

"But," said Rose, "Miss Lee is precise, and James said precise people were malicious."

"Come, Rosa," said her mother, "defend your teacher."

Rose blushed, yet went on bravely:

"I know Miss Lee feels a little angry sometimes, but she never scolds; she is always a lady."

"So you think it is unladylike to scold?"

would necessarily involve the surrender of precious property. But he felt that he must at length tell her the truth; and so, with a sinking heart, he marched up the broad marble steps of Mrs. Leaford's mansion, and was shown into a pretty little room opening out of a fragrant conservatory. As he waited Miss Lynne's appearance, he nervously turned over the pages of the gilted volumes that lay on the table. One was a photograph album, and he glanced mechanically at the various faces there contained, without really seeing them, until suddenly the rosy face of his own little Harry—Minnie's child—smiled up in his own!

"Why, is it possible? I must be mistaken."

But a second glance convinced him that he was not mistaken. It was Harry May, and nobody else's baby.

Suddenly a light footstep disturbed his reverie.

"Miss Lynne," he said earnestly, as soon as the customary greetings of the day were exchanged, "I am in a state of very great perplexity—will you solve the enigma for me?"

"Certainly—if I can," said Virginia, blushing, and with a soft uncertain tremor at her heart.

"How did this picture obtain a place in your album?"

The color subsided into ordinary pallor, as Virginia replied: "In rather a romantic manner, Captain May. It was sent to me, with no accompanying message, and I haven't the least idea where it came from."

"Ah! that furnishes a clue to the whole mystery," said Captain May, placing upon the table the picture which had lain next to his heart for the last few days, and relating briefly how it had fallen into his possession. "By some mistake at the photographer's, my little Harry's picture had been sent to you, and your likeness to me. I am a widower, Miss Lynne, with one child, as I suppose you have heard."

"No," said Virginia, coloring, "I was not aware of it; but—"

He looked earnestly into her face, where the tell-tale crimson was already beginning to glow, and the soft eyes to become shadowed with timid, downcast lashes; he looked and saw something that encouraged him to ask another question.

"Miss Lynne—Virginia—may I keep the picture?"

And she did not say "No."

When Captain May sailed the next day, it was with "something to look forward to" on his return.

"My dearest Virginia," exclaimed her sister, "what have you been doing? Don't you know that the Captain is a widower?"

"Yes," said Virginia, valiantly; "but that don't make any difference; I love him, and that's enough."

"And don't you know he has a baby?"

"Well, and I love the baby, too, because its Raymond's."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Walter, archly, "so you have overcome your horror of second-hand babies? Well, my dear, only take care that he don't keep quoting Mrs. May number one."

"I have no fear," said Virginia, quietly.

And time proved the correctness of her premises, for we don't know of any happier young wife than Mrs. May number two; and it is hard to say which she loves best, her husband or "Baby Harry."

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 9, 1863.

LETTER AND SPIRIT OF THE LAW.

The nations of the earth will never be rid of wars, conspiracies and rebellions, until they come to recognize all human laws, whether international or municipal, as but attempts of man to give expression to particular parts of the great and universal law of God. This Cicero well states in a fragment preserved to us in the Divine Institutes of Lactantius. "Law properly understood is no other than right, reason agreeing with nature, spread abroad among all men, ever consistent with itself and eternal; whose object is to summon to duty by its commands, and to deter from vice by its prohibitions. To the good it never commands or prohibits in vain, yet it never influences the wicked, either by commanding or forbidding." If this is true, every good man and nation will strive to be conformed, not merely technically to the letter of even human law, but to the spirit of it in proportion as it is an honest effort to express a great law of God and eternal truth. International law, especially, is the attempt made by the most wise and learned of all ages to express the just and true relations and duties of nations to each other, to express the eternal thought and will of the Creator as to the manner in which nations should act towards each other.

All the wars which have ever desolated the world have originated in some violation of that unexpressed and hidden law of God. This violation may occur by wilfully opposing the law of nations, or from the law of nations being but an imperfect outward expression of the eternal law, as it lies in the mind and will of God, or it may originate in mistaking the technical observance of the letter of some human expression of law for the observance of the real law itself in its true spirit.

English statesmen, more than any other, seem to make this mistake of regarding a compliance with the forms of law technically as a sufficient observance of it altogether. The municipal laws of England have indeed been altered and adjusted so often, and all ambiguities in them so decided by repeated pleadings and judgments, that such a compliance is now far more sufficient for them than for international purposes. But there is an eternal law of right and wrong in the spirit of all national intercourse. We will illustrate all this by a very practical case. It is a well settled principle of international law that for one government to aid the enemies of a friendly power by supplying them with the means and materials for carrying on war against that friendly power, is a flagrant breach of neutrality. And further, for one nation to allow its ports and territory to be made use of by the enemies of a friendly power in fitting out hostile fleets, ships or forces of any kind for the purposes of war, is a breach of neutrality, that is, it is an act of war.

But then, on the other hand, it is said that before a government can interfere with the freedom of trade and individual rights and freedom some overt act must be proved. The just and lawful commerce of peace must not be stopped to favor the interests of war. There is, too, a feeling very just in itself, that the interests of peaceful commerce have been made to give way too much in the history of mankind to those of unjust wars. And thus the Messrs. Laird claim that they have a right to build ships of war, iron-clad and turretted, and fitted up with monster guns, for the Emperor of China or the Emperor of Russia in times of peace. And Lord Palmerston claims that unless we can prove that these ships are actually being built for a hostile expedition against us, he cannot and will not interfere with the lawful pursuits of Messrs. Laird.

The fair reply to this in the same spirit would be that if a private company then choose to think differently, and form an expedition under some false title to cut out and destroy pirates like the Alabama, and even the Messrs. Laird's works and ships in British waters as fostering pirates, unless the British Government can prove everything beforehand, our Government is not bound to interfere. It is only a company and not a nation that does the wrong like act, and is to be punished if and when caught. On such terms the New York merchants would soon find out means for destroying pirates and blowing up the turrets. It has only been the danger of all this to the peace of the world, that has caused our Government to interfere and prevented the capture of the Alabama, and perhaps the prevention of much further similar mischief long ago. Thus far our Government has used its full moral power to support the spirit of the law of nations against the interests of our own commerce.

But a more statesmanlike way of looking at the whole matter is this: All technicalities apart, the fitting out of hostile ships to operate upon American commerce, such as the Alabama, and the fitting out of iron-clad ships to attack the naval forces and cities of the United States, is an acknowledged offence against the essence and spirit of that law that God intended to rule between nations at peace with one another. If the laws of England cannot detect and punish or prevent such an infraction of the eternal law of right, it is a defect of the English law that must be practically remedied by the moral or physical forces of the Government, or else, as certainly as justice and the law of God rules among nations, retribution—the penalty of broken law—must and will follow. The wisdom of nations consists in finding out the spirit and essence of all true laws, and not in seeking how they may technically be evaded. It is only the wicked and the base on whom the spirit of any true law is powerless, from affancied formal observance of the letter. In the present condition of the world it is, however, the duty and interest of Christian nations to make great allowances for the imperfection of all human laws, and to admit much that seems mere technicality, assured that a Higher than any human power governs the world and vindicates the majesty of law among nations.

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.—Colonel Estvan, the Prussian officer who wrote a series of letters descriptive of the battles in the South, ending with the Peninsular campaign, of which he took notes while in the rebel service, has just arrived at New York from Europe, and is preparing a collection of literal pictures and topographical views of those engagements, as seen from the Southern stand-point. His letters from Virginia to a Prussian paper, which have been republished in this country, show him to be a soldier of much intelligence, and the work he is now getting ready for the press will prove an interesting contribution to the history of this war.

THE NILE AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

"Travellers see wonders," is the old saying; that is, they magnify the wonders they see. The Royal Geographical Society persuaded the British Government to send Captain Speke to discover the sources of the White Nile, and he accomplished it; or rather he has proved that they had been truly discovered and known as far back as in the second century, A. D., by the geographer Claudius Ptolemy. He had stated the sources of the Nile to be in two lakes, lying north of a snowy range which he calls the Mountains of the Moon. The latitude and longitude of Claudius Ptolemy are inevitably incorrect, owing to the imperfection of the astronomical instruments used in those days, and the mountains run north and south instead of east and west. But the White Nile does spring out of Lake Nyanza, a large inland body of water extending from the equator to latitude 2.30 S. This lake is shaped like a peg-top, with a river running out of the southern or peg extremity, which has been supposed to connect it with Lake Tanganyiza, the northern extremity of which approaches it within about a degree. Both of these lakes are fed by snow-capped mountains. The great work accomplished by Speke is that he has penetrated from the Zanzibar coast of Eastern Africa to Lake Nyanza, gone round the western shore of the lake to the entrance of it into the White Nile, and followed the stream down from Lake Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great bend and is said to bend into the northern shoulder of another lake. By cutting across about eighty miles of country he was able to accomplish his main purpose, leaving Lake Juta Nzige for further exploration hereafter.

That he has accomplished a great work, one of the greatest and most important feats of modern travel, we cheerfully desire to bear record. But when the men who stopped at home came to chronicle his labors, they naturally desire to magnify them to the utmost, and when the Edinburg Review comes to glorify the Royal Geographical Society, it swells the wonders of Captain Speke's discovery to a point and a climax that is ridiculous. "The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet." Then it goes on to speak of "its" deposed predecessor the Mississippi, as standing in relation to it as 1740 miles to 2380, that is, in a direct line from its mouth to its remotest tributary. "If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain for the Mississippi 2450, against 3050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute meanderings of other streams."

Now, of all this statement, so much of this alone is true. From the mouth of the Nile (lat. 31½) to the river at the south end of Lake Nyanza, would be a little over thirty-four degrees of latitude, or about the number of miles given by the reviewer, and the Missouri would not be more than 1749 miles in a straight line from its source to its mouth. But in every other possible way of estimating the length and importance of a river, the Nile is still but a river of the second class. As for the expedient of the compasses, that is so manifestly defective, that by it you can make any two rivers, of any comparative length desired. But Micollet computes the total length of the Mississippi from its source to the mouth, at 2986 miles. But the main branch, the Missouri, in conjunction with lower Mississippi, is 4506 miles, while the total area of land drained above the mouth of the Red River alone is 1,226,600. It is this net work of navigable waters which makes it the most important river in the world.

The Yantze, in China, on which Nankin is situated, is three thousand five hundred miles long, and flows through about as many degrees of longitude as the Nile of latitude, and through nearly half as many of latitude, while the Amazon measures three thousand seven hundred miles in length. It may well be doubted at present, if measured in the most careful manner, whether the Nile would be found to long as the shortest of these rivers, and unquestionably it is naturally the least great and important of any of them in the number and length of its tributary streams. No doubt the Blue Nile, which until 1827 was esteemed the true source of the river, is commercially even more important than the White Nile; but the Mississippi can boast four or five such branches.

M. F. MAURY ON REBEL PROSPECTS

The London Times publishes a letter, signed M. F. Maury, on the prospects of the Confederates. He asserts they were never brighter. The North, he pointed out, is fighting for conquest, and makes the attack. The South is fighting to be let alone, and acts on the defensive. The South, therefore, cannot stop the war, but the North can. The Union, the bond of which was voluntary friendship, cannot be restored by the force of arms. The Union is gone. Neither party can subjugate the other, and it follows that the war is not to be ended by the sword. Other agencies must be called into play. The war is becoming more and more unpopular in the North. New York is threatening armed resistance to the Federal Government. New York is becoming the champion of State rights, and to that extent is taking the Southern ground. There are, besides dissensions in other quarters. Even now Mr. Lincoln has to keep an armed force, not only in New York and Kentucky, but also in Ohio, Indiana and other States. He is even now marching upon Iowa to put down there a cry of peace. He is likely to have occupation for all the recruits his Conscription will give him in keeping down his own people. The writer concluded by saying that, all we (the Confederates) have to do is to maintain the defensive, watch our chances, and strike whenever there is an opportunity for a good blow.—*English Paper.*

Maury's a genius as hopeful as he is scientific, but a little addicted to drawing on his imagination for his facts. It was he who told that awful story in the London Times of the firing of poisoned bullets at the rebels, and it was he who constructed the torpedoes which was to blow the Union ships entirely out of the water. It was he who recommended the building of a gunboat flotilla to open the blockade, and when he found they had neither the means to build nor the men to man the fleet, went abroad to get their accommodating friends, the English merchants, to build and man them for the rebels, which they did, notwithstanding it was a violation of their own laws and the treaties with the United States. Maury must have had even his hopeful spirits a little dashed by recent events at home, and to ward off the stunning effects of the blows which the Confederacy has lately received, he takes to his old business of inflating the rebellion bubble, and making secession look as large and prosperous as ever under the process. The business, however, is overdone, when the tells Europeans, holders of the rebel loan, that the prospects of the Confederates were never brighter. They look at the quotations of the money market, and they cannot see it. When he says the Union is gone, and the South cannot be subjugated by force of arms, they will be apt to point to the fact that the Confederacy has dwindled down to five States from fifteen, and that the Union armies are as strong as ever, and pressing very seriously upon the shattered remnants of the rebel forces in the field, with a certainty of forcing them into limits still more narrow and confined. They will also ask what means all the dissatisfaction in North Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, &c., with the "Confederacy," and the petitions to our Generals from the inhabitants of rebel States for protection from the rebel Government. There is far more danger to be apprehended to the "Confederacy" in that movement than there is from the popular outbreaks in the North, on which he confidently builds his hopes of final relief. Evidently, Maury is not making many converts abroad, but as it is necessary to keep up, as far as possible, the waning credit of the "Confederacy," Maury's imagination is one of the best and brightest mediums through which hopeful believers can view its present cloudy prospects.

A GOOD REFORM.—The City Commissioner of New York is about to communicate to the Councils a plan on which he proposes to introduce the *abattoir* system of Paris. His scheme is, to abolish all the slaughter houses now situated within the built portion of the city, numbering about two hundred and thirty, and to erect two buildings in the suburbs, on each side of the city, in which all the slaughtering is to be done. The estimated cost of these structures will amount to two hundred thousand dollars, on which it is believed that a large profit can be realized, though the design is to require the buildings to yield only legal interest on the investment. The butchers in New York are said to be favorable to the enterprise, both on account of the superior facilities it will afford them in their business and the benefit the public health will derive from a removal of all slaughter houses beyond the built up quarters of the city.

CONTRABAND TRADE.—For many months past Brownsville, Texas, has been the centre of a trade that has defied alike the Federal blockade and all rules of neutrality. Through that place the rebels have not only received important supplies from abroad, including munitions of war, but they have used it successfully as a point of export for such of their own products as have gone to pay, in part at least, for those things with which foreign merchants and speculators have furnished them. The Brownsville Flag, of a recent date, after remarking that "all the commercial nations of the earth are represented there," adds: "Strange to say, Boston and New York are familiar names to our sight, for we have groceries and dry goods from those hostile markets just as regularly as they do in New Orleans. We send hides and wool, and—shall we say it?—cotton, to the Yankees, and they send us wherewith to feed upon, and wherewith to clothe ourselves. They send us powder and shot, sulphur, phosphorous, nitre, caps, and all manner of explosive and destructive things, and they would send us more such things if it was as accessible to smuggle a rifled cannon across the river as it is to quietly slip over with rifle powder."

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

Nothing shows so much the importance of what we have accomplished against Charleston as the July number of the Edinburg Review. There the latest European results are ably digested, by a writer who looks upon England and France as the only two real powers of the earth, and America as a sort of outside world of strange and impracticable ideas, having no sort of bearing upon the rest of humanity. In discussing the navies of France and England, the Warrior's side is supposed to be about the strongest and most perfect in the world, and a sort of test of strength for all others. It is, however, admitted that not only can the Warrior's plates be penetrated, but that even seven and seven and a half inch plates can be penetrated, and have been penetrated by shot and even by shell. But then it has been by the exceptional shot, and exceptional shell, and exceptional guns and gunpowder of Whitworth. Their three hundred pound shot burst the gun on the fourth round.

The French are supposed to have made greater progress in artillery than the English, and as a proof of it, Colonel Treuille de Beaulieu is represented as trying at this time a heavy rifled cannon of twenty-two centimetres (or 8.66 inches) bore, weighing fourteen tons, and throwing a hundred and fifty pound shot six thousand yards with perfect accuracy. The projectile can also be converted into a shell, loaded with eight pounds of powder! This is about the utmost stretch of even French firing up to July last. "There are, doubtless, some breech-loading rifled guns in the 'Gloire' of exceptional power. They are on trial, and it is premature to speak of what will be the future of this armament. M. Raymond gives a very favorable account of them. *We hear, too,*" adds the reviewer, "of the fifteen inch guns of the Americans; but we also hear that structures every way much weaker than the Warrior resist the projectiles thrown by those guns." A little while afterwards, however, he hears that the Americans are confident of being able to throw a four hundred and fifty pound shot from one of these said fifteen-inch guns, with a charge of powder sufficient to pierce and to destroy a ship's side composed of thirty-six inches of solid oak and one inch iron lining, protected by a *five and a half* inch solid iron plating on the outside, and that this is said to have been done with cast-iron guns and cast-iron shot.

This was the entire extent of English information in July. What then will they say when they hear of the actual performances of our eight-inch projectiles which, instead of six thousand yards, are sent into the city of Charleston, from a distance of eight thousand eight hundred yards, animated by the Greek fire, from only eight inch guns, while our fifteen inch guns penetrate the walls of one of the finest forts that ever were consircted of brick and masonry, protected by the most astonishing mass of sand bags, at a distance of two miles and a half? Yet our shot go clear through both walls, and destroy steam tugs on the other side with the debris!

We have no doubt now, that the first announcement of all this in England will be received with incredulity, the next thing will be that it was known long ago that all this could be done, and then England and France will go to work and construct similar guns and try their best to build invulnerable ships to carry them. Indeed, they say, if thicker plates and heavier sides are needed, they must be granted; if gigantic dimensions are required for this purpose, they must be given. Few and heavy guns mounted in the centre of the ship, with the vital parts and water line well protected, will still enable us, at the cost of about a quarter of a million of dollars per gun, to carry these floating structures wherever water enough to swim them can be found.

Already they are glorying in Coles cupola, (which is nothing but our Monitor's revolving turret), claiming the merit of it as their own, when they, it is well known, rejected it as worthless, until our own experience in the contest of the Monitor and the Merrimac, demonstrated its value. The closing remark is good: "Let not the public be deceived; gigantic guns mean gigantic ships, gigantic docks, harbors, basins and *gigantic annual bills*, and now and then, gigantic annual losses."

LEHIGH AND MAHANOY RAILROAD.

On Tuesday last, the 1st inst., this important link of railroad, connecting Mahanoy city, in what is known as the middle coal field in this State, with tidewater, was formally opened. This link of road is formed of fourteen miles of what was the Quakake railroad and an extension westward of eight miles constructed by the present company under its new corporate title. The Quakake road was sometime since sold under mortgage, and was bid off by Judge Packer for himself and others interested in the Mahanoy coal lands and the various roads leading from the Lehigh valley to New York and Philadelphia. The road of 22 miles, in the hands of the present company, represents a cash capital of only some $450,000, a sum greatly short of the amount expended on the 14 miles of the old Quakake. The Company's works at present only reach the easternmost point of the Mahanoy coal basin, but will be carried forward on the north side of the basin as the wealth and productiveness of the region is developed by the opening of new collieries.

There are now open in the vicinity of Mahanoy city, the terminus of the new road, fourteen collieries, and the labor necessary to the opening of several more is being pushed forward with as much energy as the difficulty of procuring laborers warrants. Some of these additional mines, it is expected, will be worked this season, and all of them, with others yet only in contemplation, in all of next year; when, it is estimated the region will give to the new road to be distributed to its several connections eastward, some 30,000 tons of anthracite coal. The Lehigh and Mahanoy railroad is virtually an extension of a chain of railroads leading to New York and also to Philadelphia; but is mainly important as the first and only direct line of railway from the Mahanoy coal basin to New York and the eastern coal market, and is made up as follows: 8 miles of extension; 14 miles of the old Quakake; 12 of Beaver Meadow to Mauch Chunk; 46 of Lehigh Valley to Easton, and 75 miles of New Jersey Central to Elizabethport—155 miles in all from the mines; or, from Easton by Belvidere Railway to the Delaware and Raritan Canal at Trenton, 50 miles, being a distance of 130 miles from the mines. The Philadelphia connection is from Bethlehem by way of the North Pennsylvania railroad 55 miles, being 123 miles in all from the mines.

The Mahanoy coal basin is some thirty miles in length, and in extent, as well as the amount and superior quality of the coal, as well as the ease with which it may be mined—several of the openings being from the side of the mountain—is, probably unequalled by any anthracite coal field in the world. To unlock this mountain-bound region, and open it fully to the daily visits of the locomotive, has for years been a subject of great anxiety not only with coal carrying companies and the owners of the untold mineral wealth within it, and comparatively valueless without free and cheap outlet, but to the great body of coal consumers interested in the fullest supply of fuel at the cheapest possible rates.

Enterprise and labor have not been idle on the south side of this basin, there being already three outlets in full operation, centering in the Reading Railroad, and controlled by the enterprising management. But the connection through the Lehigh Valley, the opening of which was celebrated on the 1st instant, is the first of a route direct from that region to the great markets of the country, and while we may regret the geographical position of Philadelphia, that does not make our city the natural centre for the distribution of all the coal mined in the Commonwealth, we console ourselves with the fact that, with unrestricted trade, the rest of the State is benefitted in the increased wealth developed, and the whole country advantaged by the lower prices which follow increased production.

Mahanoy city, in its brief history, is a striking evidence of the same spirit of progress as in some of our Western States. Two years ago there was scarcely a house where are now well laid out streets, some of which are compactly built up, with a population within a circuit of three miles estimated at 5000. All the mechanical pursuits seem to be prosperously carried on, and, by the profuse display of signs, trade is already as closely competed for as in cities of a hundred years old. The stores are numerous, with here and there a church, the whole liberally interspersed with hotels and taverns, of which last, we learn, over thirty have already been licensed.

The demand for building lots is represented as quite active at comparatively high prices, and, in the opinion of residents and dealers, five years will see the new city quintupled in population, and the coal production of the region swelled to an amount which, now stated, would hardly be credited.

IMPORTANT MILITARY ORDER.—Complaint being made to Brigadier General Tyler that the soldiers in Baltimore have appeared with side arms, outside of their own wards, at public meetings of the citizens, and in such numbers as to "intimidate and override the citizens," General Tyler has just issued an order forbidding the presence of any soldier at such meetings in future, and requiring them not to be absent from their commands after five o'clock P. M. This order applies as well to the officers as to the privates, and it is to be strictly enforced.

THE CHARLESTON BIG GUN.—A correspondent of the Herald says the 300-pound Parrott, which Gilmore was using to shell Charleston, was not disabled by the accident which occurred to it. The injury was received from the untimely bursting of a shell, just as it was passing out of the muzzle of the gun. This accident blew off the muzzleband, but the remainder of the piece is uninjured, and in as good condition as ever for practical work. Within twenty-four hours after the fact was known at Washington, another gun of the same kind was on its way to Charleston.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

A remarkable fact attending labor is the difference in the remuneration between male and female service. The drain of men for the army is severely felt in almost every department of industry. Building operations are retarded by it, and the high price of materials. Lumber is more than 50 per cent. above its usual price, not entirely from inflations of the currency, but because of the scarcity of men to get it out. So with brick and every other article used in building. In the mechanical trades, the case is similar, wages are high, and those who work get well paid for it. In Pottsville, miners are said to be earning $90 per month, and, generally, none need be idle who want work. On the other hand, women's work is scarce. The war by taking away the men, has increased the number of women workers who have now to support themselves. The excessive competition among women for the work which they are fitted to do, has brought down their wages to starving prices. Sewing was never well paid, and now is worse than ever. A dollar a dozen is paid for making flannel shirts. Drawers formerly paid at $3 for twenty pair, are now paid $2, a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. The former price was too low, but the latter is fearfully small. Twenty pairs of drawers will take a full week to make them.

In this state of things some concerted efforts should be made to remedy this evil, or extend the range of woman's employment. In these times no man should be behind a counter. He is wanted elsewhere, and when he is, he is taking the place that some woman ought to have. There are many light employments that women ought to share. Those who have cleverness enough to learn trades or employment other than sewing, should endeavor to do so, and the way should be opened to them. They will thus diminish the competition in sewing, and benefit the rest of their sex as well as themselves. There probably is no country in the civilized world where so few employments are open to females, or their range of opportunities so limited, when they are driven to self-support by the death or neglect of those on whom they have been dependent. Among the occupations which they could learn is photography. There is no small business more successful, and its manipulations are quite within the range of any intelligent woman, yet there are very few female operators to be found in any of these establishments. Some women do learn to color photographs and do it very well. Others learn to design patterns for manufacturers and exhibit great taste in the art. Others engrave on wood, but in all these arts the number of persons employed is very limited. But the man behind the counter is the anomoly of the day. It is high time that he yielded up his yard-stick and betook himself to a more manly calling. We are paying a double price for all country produce, apparently because there are fewer producers. This is the field for manly labor. No occupation is more independent than that of the farmer, and no young man should leave the country, where he can better himself, to seek employments which are only fitted for women. A few acres laid out in raspberries or strawberries, will yield a profitable return for the investment. Residents of peach-growing districts say that this year's crop is abundant, and yet we pay very high prices for them. It is true that farmers have to pay high in return for what they purchase and for labor upon their farms, but at present prices their labor generally must be remunerative. It certainly is more manly, healthful and becoming to men than selling tape, needles, soaps and perfumery, behind a counter in the city. These are not the times, we repeat, for men to do women's work. Let any of our readers inquire for themselves into the position of the laboring classes of women, now getting lower wages than ever—indeed, frightfully low, and paying double price for marketing and the necessaries of life, working late into the night, breaking down their health, ruining their eyesight, and all to earn the scantiest of pittances—as much in a week, working early and late, as a mechanic earns in a day's easy labor. The remedy for this condition of things may be difficult to reach, but one great one is the extension of woman's field of employment, and the exclusion of men from such work as women are competent to do.

RETALIATION AT CHARLESTON.

The threat of Beauregard to retaliate upon Gilmore, for shelling Charleston at the range of five miles, is so ridiculous, even to the rebels, that the Richmond Whig has to look about for a way to help him out in his determination. The Whig suggests that all the Union prisoners in Richmond be sent to Charleston and confined in the warehouses liable to receive the missiles from Gilmore's Parrotts. So long as the houses are filled with these prisoners, the city could not be shelled or burned. This is an ingenious and humane suggestion, but it will scarcely save Charleston. Gen. Gilmore has gone there to take it at whatever cost, and if the Charlestonians, after all their boasting, have not the pluck and ingenuity to drive Gilmore off, but must slink craven-like behind their prisoners for protection, it is a tolerably clear confession that they know they have been imposing upon our Government by their boasts, and that they feel they have not the power to save themselves. Gen. Gilmore will require no better assurance than this to keep steadily at his work. The threats that the city will be defended from house to house and finally fired, are already giving way to fears that Gilmore will fire it for them. A perfect howl of rage and indignation comes up from the South, at the barbarity and inhumanity of firing upon a city with only twenty-four hours' notice of the bombardment. Gen. Gilmore has been forty days before Charleston, using his utmost endeavors to get into the city. It must have been expected by the Charlestonians that he would use every available means to accomplish his purpose. From the moment he obtained a foothold upon Morris island, they expected that he would finally succeed, and their journals have repeatedly warned non-combatants to leave the city. If they choose to remain after these warnings, that is their fault. They can scarcely expect that the siege, which has advanced more rapidly than their expectations, will stand still for their accommodation. Nevertheless, Gen. Gilmore is not inflexibly severe. In answer to a request from the Spanish Consul for twenty-four hours more time for Spanish subjects to get out of the city with their property, he says—"Nothing is further from my wish than to endanger the lives or property of subjects of the Government which you represent, and I cordially accede to your request. No further bombardment of Charleston need be apprehended until eleven o'clock, P. M., tomorrow, the 23d instant." It appears by the Charleston papers, that the bombardment has not yet been resumed.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

Three important amendments to the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania will be voted for at the coming election. They are as follows:

Section 4. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in any actual military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by the authority of the Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual place of election.

This amendment is for the purpose of giving soldiers in the service of the country the right to vote, the present Constitution of the State depriving them of the right, because it requires them to vote in the district wherein they reside, which would require them to leave the camps for their homes to exercise the suffrage. Whether it is advisable or proper to have elections in camps or not, or whether it would be conducive to the purity of the ballot box, is for every voter to consider before he comes to deposit his vote on the amendment. The other amendments are to protect the people from the corruptions of their own legislators, which of late years have become so common, open and unblushing, that nothing but stringent Constitutional provisions can guard the public interest against the villainy of their law makers. We are sorry to see among the nominations now submitted to the people for their support, that some of the most unscrupulous and most objectionable among former legislators are again presented as candidates for public favor. When such men can be elected time after time, with their shameful record against them, the people have no right to complain of the corruptions of their legislators, and it becomes even doubtful if Constitutional guarantees can be a protection, where there is such an absence of discrimination and independence in voters, as to support men known publicly to be unfit for the position they aspire to, and which they use only for their own profit, at the expense of the interests of the citizens of the whole State. The amendments are as follows:

Section 8. No bill shall be passed by the Legislature containing more than one subject, which shall be clearly expressed in the title, except appropriation bills.

Section 9. No bill shall be passed by the Legislature granting any powers or privileges in any case where the authority to grant such powers or privileges has been or may hereafter be conferred upon the Courts of the Commonwealth.

INTERESTING LAW CASE.—Ten one dollar notes on the Citizens' Bank of Baltimore, being part of a batch which the Board of Directors had ordered to be destroyed, were picked up in the street a few days since by some persons, who took them to the banking house of P. Grover & Co. for sale. In consequence of the notes being burned at one end, leaving the face and the signatures unimpaired, they were purchased for seven dollars. The notes were afterwards sent to the Citizens' Bank for redemption, but the cashier refused to redeem them. The holders then instituted a suit before Justice Hiss to recover the amount. The bank notes had been ordered to be destroyed, and were, to all intents and purposes, destroyed. The plaintiffs alleged that the bank is responsible for its issues, and that they cannot be held responsible for the negligence of the officers of the bank. The case was ably argued by counsel, and the justice, after taking time to consider, decided in favor of the plaintiffs. It is thought that the judgment will be appealed from.

From Washington.

Despatches from New York speak of the rapid advance in gold there as being due to the President's letter, which Wall street construed in an unfavorable light, and the premium on gold was run up accordingly.

I hear a rumor that there was some doubt as to the propriety of publishing the letter, on the ground of its straight forward, honest simplicity. The President cannot be said to write encouragingly of the prospects; indeed, he warns us against being "over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph," while the peace rumors we have been treated to as emanating from the South are all dashed by the announcement that they are "deceitful and groundless."

On the President's own admission then, there is every probability of a long war, and as this insures the issue of more paper money the metallic currency has taken a fresh start upward.

The French forces are gradually possessing themselves of all the important Mexican ports, from whence the tricolored flag is immediately displayed, and custom houses, under French domination, are established. The Emperor is evidently preparing for a permanent occupation of the country, and there can be little doubt but what his movement is backed, or silently winked at, by all the leading powers of the old world. But would those powers aid him in a war against the United States?

I hear that General Banks has decided to fill up his regiments by means of a draft on the residents of New Orleans, including both white and black. The secesh there regard the project as a good joke, and swear they will never raise a weapon against the South.

FLAX AND HEMP AS SUBSTITUTES FOR COTTON.

The late Congress having appropriated $20,000 to be expended in testing the practicability of the introduction of flax and hemps as substitutes for cotton, commissioners have been appointed by the Commissioner of Agriculture to consider the subject, viz: Hon. J. K. Morehead, of Pittsburg, Pa; Dr. John A. Warder, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and H. M. Bailey, of Providence, R. I. They began their sessions last week.

THE KANSAS TRUST LANDS.

The Internal Department has refused all the bids for the sale of the Kansas trust lands, and ordered new bids, which are to be made on or before the 15th of October next.

EXPEDITION UP THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The expedition sent up the Rappahannock to recapture the gunboats Satellite and Reliance has returned, being unable, in consequence of low water, to get higher up than Port Rappahannock. One of the seamen of the Satellite arrived here to day, having made his escape while being marched to Richmond. He represents that an expedition, numbering between 400 and 500 rebels, consisting in part of the same party who captured the two boats, left the neighborhood of Port Royal, on Tuesday, for the Potomac, for the purpose of capturing some of our vessels. A party of cavalry is with them, which has been seen lately about Matthias Point and other points on the river.

THE FRIGATE SABINE.

The frigate Sabine left New London on Tuesday for the coast of New England, to enable the fishermen who have so long desired to enter the naval service to do so on board that noble vessel.

THE ALMADEN MINES.

It is understood that, by an arrangement with the Government and the Almaden Mining Company, of California, the Quicksilver Mining Company took possession of the mines on the 1st inst.

APPOINTMENTS.

Pemberton B. Locke, of Missouri, has been appointed Associate Justice of Nevada Territory.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

The premature publication of the President's letter occasions much surprise. This was certainly not through the instrumentality of its author.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

From present indications, it is very doubtful whether any arrangement can be made for an exchange of prisoners for some time to come. The main hitch is on the inexitable negro, which the Southern leaders refuse to place on the same footing as white prisoners. While they also decline to exchange the white officers of black regiments who may fall into their possession. The rebels appear to be very decided in the position they have taken, and their journals urge that is not to give way an inch. As our own authorities are equally decided, it follows that a resumption of the exchange cannot be at present looked for.

THE ELECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The approaching election in Pennsylvania is exciting much interest here, and it is no secret that the Democrats are confident of success. They count on a majority from the recent invasion of the Keystone as evidence that the war is unpopular, and being such, they assert the mass of the voters will openly condemn the present policy by casting their ballots for the Democratic nominee.

THE NEW BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER.

The new and unknown battery on the ruins of Sumter, which I alluded to on Thursday, is represented in the advices received yesterday to have been silenced by the steady and well-directed fire of our batteries on Morris Island. But the rebel reports deny this, and assert that not only is the battery in complete order, but other works and defences are in a forward state, which, when completed, will show that the fires of the old fort are still unquenched.

There is also a report that new and heavy ordnance has been received through the blockade, which will make the island uncomfortably warm for our forces, and perhaps drive them from it altogether.

This ordnance is reported to be superior to any yet used in the American war, or any other war that was ever waged, and "great expectations" are entertained of the results that will follow from its use. A.

The Operations before Charleston.

The Morris Island correspondent of the Baltimore American gives some additional particulars of the bombardment upon the rebel forts.

THE SHELLING OF CHARLESTON.

The shelling of Charleston from the Marsh Battery was resumed on Sunday night, and a number of Greek fire projectiles thrown into the city. The great elevation required for the 280 pound Parrott used for this purpose caused it to burst before the night's work was over. There being no recoil to the gun at the elevation required, the strain upon the breech of the gun is immense, and such accidents must be looked for. Two sea coast mortars of similar calibre are, however, being mounted in the battery by General Gilmore, and the good work of shelling Charleston will be resumed.

THE MARSH BATTERY.

This battery is a novelty in engineering, and is an exemplification of the energy and perseverance, as well as the skill, of General Gilmore. The "Marsh" is a vast growth of cane, bordering on Light House Inlet and Morris Island directly facing James Island, which runs parallel with Morris Island. It is about a mile wide, and borders the island nearly its whole length. At low tide it is dry, but at high water there is about four feet of water over its whole extent. When General Gilmore announced to his engineers his intention of erecting a battery in the middle of the marsh, they pronounced it an impossibility. He, however, set them at work, and superintended it himself. Scows were procured and loaded with bags of sand, and, at every tide, floated into the marsh and piled on the selected spot.

They sank down in their watery bed and rapidly disappeared, but the process was still continued with each renewing tide, until an immense bank, towering six feet above the tops of the canes, was visible. Strong traverses were erected, and after a time given for it to settle, the gun was placed on one of the scows and floated through the canes at high tide to the site of the battery, where it was moored and soon mounted, the work having all been done at night, it being in full view of Fort Johnson and the James Island batteries. They spent immense quantities of ammunition in endeavoring to dismount it, but could not succeed, their shot either falling short or going over it. At a mile distant it does not look larger than the turret of a Monitor.

No one had any idea that this gun was intended for the city of Charleston. It was supposed to be to enfilade the rebel works on James Island. Gen. Gilmore kept his own counsel on the matter, and procured a supply of Greek fire shells for its use. It was at best an experiment, and even when the shells were thrown in the direction of the city there was an uncertainty as to whether they had reached their destination. A dense cloud of smoke arising from the city gave hope of the success of the experiment, which was next day verified by the flag-of-truce boat with Beauregard's indignant protest, and the urgent appeal of the foreign Consuls for the safety of the persons and property of their subjects. The good work will soon be resumed with two sea-coast mortars instead of one gun.

SHELLING OF GREGG.

Early this morning (31st ult.) the Monitor Weehawken, Commander Calhoun, was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Fort Sumter, with directions to shell Battery Gregg, at Cummings' Point. She got within range of Gregg about ten o'clock, and continued to throw shell into that work up to noon, firing with remarkable precision, notwithstanding the roughness of the sea. She threw up great clouds of sand, and her shell appeared to enter one side of the fort and pass out of the other. The rebels fired one shot at her as she advanced, but remained silent during the remainder of the bombardment. Wagner was entirely silent, and it is believed its guns have been dismounted; and Sumter, although within easy range, showed no signs of life. At noon, just as the Spaulding sailed, the Weehawken was called out, and returned to her anchorage.

CONDITION OF SUMTER.

The shelling of Fort Sumter had been discontinued for nearly a

ARMY AND NAVY.

Commodore Thatcher has been ordered to the West Gulf Blockading squadron, to command the steam frigate Colorado.

Commander Bowers has been detached from the naval rendezvous, at Portsmouth, N. H., and ordered to command the receiving ship Vandalia.

Commander Le Roy has been ordered to command the sloop-of-war Oneida.

Lieut.-Commander E. P. Williams has been detached from the Powhattan and ordered to command the Huron.

Lieut.-Commander Chas. E. Fleming has received preparatory orders to command the Sagamore.

Lieut.-Commander Robert Boyd has been detached from the Receiving-ship at Boston, and ordered to the Powhattan.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"REVERSED," by H. M. B., we shall endeavor to find room for soon.

"SONNETS," "MORNING" and "EVENING," are hardly as perfect as we desire.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican Union Convention at Syracuse made its nominations on Wednesday, with promptness and unanimity. The following ticket was designated:

Secretary of State... PETER A. PORTER, of Niagara.
Comptroller.....THOS. W. OLCOTT, of Albany.
Canal Commissioner..SEN. F. JAMES BRUCE, of Madison.
Treasurer.....G. W. SCHUYLER, of Tompkins.
State Engineer.....WM. B. TAYLOR, of Oneida.
Prison Inspector.....JAMES K. BATES, of Jefferson.
Judge of Appeals.....HENRY R. SELDEN, of Monroe.
Attorney General.....JOHN COCHRANE, of New York.

Of the foregoing, Messrs. Bates and Taylor are renominations. Judge Selden was appointed to the bench of the Court of Appeals by Gov. Morgan. General Bruce has heretofore held the office of Canal Commissioner, having been appointed to fill a vacancy in 1861. Mr. Olcott, who is named for the office of Comptroller, is the well known banker of Albany. John Cochrane is the candidate for Attorney General. He He was a member of Congress during the whole of Mr. Buchanan's administration. Mr. Porter, the son of Peter B. Porter of Niagara Falls, is candidate for the office of Secretary of State.

The resolutions adopted by the Convention indorse the policy and acts of the Administration, deplore the prevalence of party spirit, invite the cordial co-operation of all loyal men, express thanks to our brave soldiers, and condemn the action of Governor Seymour and his "friends." The Emancipation Proclamation was specially indorsed as a "legal and justifiable war measure."

THE SOUTHWEST EXPEDITION

By the last advices from New Orleans announcement is made that the new expedition from that port is nearly ready for moving, and the flower of General Grant's army is to compose it. The rebels at Mobile seem to regard it as a demonstration against that city, and are preparing as rapidly as possible to put it in a better state of defence. At New Orleans the impression is that it is destined for Texas, and that in a few weeks it will be operating upon the Rio Grande. The rebel leaders seem to apprehend some such destination for the intended expedition, for General Bee, the rebel commander on the Rio Grande, has advised the removal of the custom-house from Brownsville to Romo, a hundred miles above. The reports in relation to the intrigues in France, to induce that government [illegible] over Texas, gives [illegible] that the destination [illegible] The French General Matamoras with [illegible] possession of the [illegible] ade would immediately [illegible]te, in Texas, is [illegible]or arms and muni[illegible]up ever since the [illegible]s. The French [illegible] cotton from this [illegible] have doubtless [illegible] the trade in that [illegible] of the Texas western [illegible]States troops would put an [illegible]top to all these doings at once, and be the means of eventually bringing Texas back into the Union. A very large portion of the inhabitants of that State have refused to lend any assistance to the rebels, some have been forced to leave the State and now reside in Mexico, others remain waiting for an opportunity to show their fealty to the old flag so soon as it can give them the protection they require. Texas occupied by United States troops, the illicit trade which has been largely supplying the rebel armies would be entirely destroyed, and French intrigues would have no chance of exercising themselves any further. The objects to be gained are so important in their character that a demonstration in this quarter seems to be highly probable. But whether its destination is the Rio Grande or Mobile Bay, it will be an expedition of an imposing character, complete in its arrangement and probably effective in its operation.

GENERAL JIM LANE

Made a speech at Leavenworth, on the 27th of August, in which he threatened a terrible retribution upon Western Missouri for the butchery at Lawrence. He said that for self-preservation, there should be an extermination of the first tier of counties in Missouri, and if that failed to produce security, then the second and third tiers, and tier on tier till they were secure. He further declared that in his opinion the only way to stop the guerrilla warfare is to devastate and lay waste every foot of country which they infest; and that he wanted to see every foot of ground in Jackson, Cass and Bates counties, in Missouri, burned over and everything laid waste. The safety of Kansas, he said, demands the devastation of the border for a distance of thirty-five miles into Missouri. These things have produced, a great deal of excitement in the border counties of Missouri and many persons are abandoning their homes, and the county records are being removed, with the money in the banks. As Missouri is in the Union and entitled to its protection, this threatened attack upon a portion of the State is as much a disregard of the authority and power of the Federal Government as the invasion of Kentucky by Bragg. If there is official authority in Missouri and Kansas, it should be exercised to prevent one State making war upon another State, and both in the Union. No doubt Lawrence has suffered greatly from the lawlessness of some of its Missouri neighbors, but the power of the law is still effective in Missouri, and with troops to back it, the miscreants who robbed and murdered the people of Lawrence, can be punished legally without any unauthorized retribution, which is generally only another name for indiscriminate plunder and outrage, as disgraceful generally as the crimes which induced retribution.

LONG RANGE.

It is said of the newly invented Ferris gun that it throws shell nine miles, or nearly twice the distance the big gun attained with which Gilmore shelled Charleston. Such a range as this seems incredible, but so would a distance of five miles have been considered a few months back. The Whitworth rifled 3-pounder, with a calibre of 1¼ inches and half a pound of powder, with an elevation of 35 degrees, projects a shot 5¼ miles. The 100-pound gun, with ten pounds of powder and an elevation of ten degrees, throws a solid 40-pound shot two and a half miles. The Parrott 3-inch gun, with one pound of powder and 35 degrees of elevation, throws a ten pound shot 6200 yards. The range of the 20-pounder, with two pounds of powder at 10 degrees, is 3500 yards; at 15 degrees, 4400 yards. The range of the 100-pounder, with a 100-pound shot and ten pounds of powder, at 10 degrees, is 3555 yards; at 20 degrees, 5301. With the same charge of powder and a shot of 64 pounds, the range at 10 degrees was 3897 yards; at 20 degrees, 6300 yards. No trials are stated at higher elevations, and these were probably all their carriages admitted. The last five degrees of elevation gave 1000 yards range. The gain by further elevation diminishes rapidly. What the elevation of the Ferris gun was when the above experiment was tried is not stated, but it probably was as high as the carriage would bear. The war is developing great improvements in ordnance, but the force of gunpowder is still greater than the adhesion of iron, for if guns could be made strong enough, so that heavier charges of powder could be used, the range and force of the shot would be greater than it has been possible yet to attain. The improvement needed is in the manufacture of iron to stand the strain of heavier charges of powder. Would not a few of these long range guns introduced into our blockading vessels help very materially to lessen the advantage of speed the blockade runners have over our regular naval vessels?

☞ Sidney Smith once recommended a friend when he sat for his picture to be drawn, to put his face in his hat and say his prayers.

THE EUROPEAN HARVESTS

The accounts of the grain harvest in Europe are very favorable, especially in France and England, and prices were downward all over Europe. On the fact that Europe will have corn enough to feed herself for the next year, Maury, the rebel agent in London, undertakes to prove to Englishmen that the war must end in the success of the rebels, because the farmers of the Northwestern States will not be able to sell their produce, except for very low prices, hence will not be able to pay their taxes, hence will be discontented with the war, hence be inclined to peace, hence allow the South to separate, hence establish the "Southern Confederacy." All these sequences hang together in the most logical manner, but they will scarcely satisfy the holders of the rebel loan that they are near realizing profitably for their rather desperate investment. There may be this close connection between the English harvest fields and successful rebellion, but it will be remembered that the rebels are inclined to make agricultural production a kind of corner stone of their cause, for they set out with the notion that cotton was king, and having found that mistake, may very naturally transfer their allegiance to corn, it being so easy a thing in them to get rid of any obligation of that character. It must be mortifying to them, however, to publicly admit the terrible mistakes they have made in this supposed mutual dependency between their crops and their cause. The fact, however, deprives the present speculations based upon similar supposed connection, of a great deal of their intrinsic value.

GUERRILLA WARFARE

In Western Tennessee is getting into great disfavor, and it is not uncommon now for the residents to arm themselves and assist to put a check to these common marauders. This is natural, and proves that when once the armies of the rebels are defeated so that their cohesion is impossible, the war will speedily come to an end, no matter what threats are made about continuing it for years under the guerrilla system. Such a system cannot exist except as it is sustained and supported by large armies in the field, from which they are the irregular offshoots, and upon which they always fall back for protection when the country in which they are depredating is once aroused against them. Guerrillaism receives no favor from those it robs, and Southern guerrillas are very apt to rob wherever they get an opportunity, considering all persons fair plunder who reside in territory under the control of Union armies. Guerrilla work was well enough in Western Tennessee when Bragg's army held Nashville. But now that Bragg is driven down to Georgia, the guerrillas are just as ready to rob Tennesseans as they are to plunder Kentuckians. It takes very little experience of this system to make everybody its enemies who wish to enjoy in security the benefits of their industry, and the farmers and planters of Tennessee are as anxious now to get rid of the nuisance as they ever could have been to encourage it under the belief that it was an efficient auxiliary of an army, and a serviceable substitute when the army could no longer be kept in the field.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

The question whether a Board of Enrolment's decision is final in a case of exemption has been before Judge Cadwalader, on a habeas corpus hearing. The complainant was illegally drafted for service; he, by his age, belonging to the second class of drafted men, who could not be called until the first class is exhausted. The Board of Enrolment decided that he was liable at that time to draft, and plead that their decision was final, and precluded examination by the legal tribunals. But the court, on a hearing, decided that this was not a claim of exemption but a question of fact, and not on the legality of the draft in his case, and that was a proper subject for the court to inquire into. This case shows the necessity of guarding strictly the privilege of habeas corpus. If the court had received the plea of the Board as a sufficient justification of their act, and one which shut out any further inquiry, the man would have been compelled to serve, though illegally drafted. Now he has an opportunity of proving his allegation, which, if true, will release him from servic, to which he is not subject under the law. The action of the Government may be impeded in some cases, by the habeas corpus, but the attempts made to temporarily destroy or set aside this great privilege involve a great deal more danger to popular liberty than the freest action of the habeas corpus could do harm to the Government. For this reason it should be sacredly guarded by the courts, and be sustained by the people.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

Gen. Gilmore's order against correspondents revealing his operations and purposes, retards in a great measure the intelligence of the progress of the siege. But though we get but little news, the work appears to be progressing from day to day. Fort Sumter is as yet unoccupied by Union troops, but it is no longer in the way of assault upon other portions of the rebel defences, and Fort Wagner itself seems to be less regarded by our gunboats, probably because its efficiency has been impaired by the continual bombardment which has been kept up upon it. The plan of Gilmore seems to be to silence the most formidable batteries and then to run up to the city with the gunboats. The second of the walled forts, Moultrie, has been subjected to a bombardment from the ironclads, with what result was not known when the steamer which brings the intelligence left. As this is a work which will have mainly to be done by the mailed vessels, it is probable that this is what Admiral Dahlgren has been sparing them for. It will thoroughly test their qualities, defensive and offensive. In the attack on the rifle-pits before Wagner, by our land troops, they captured sixty odd prisoners.

THE PIRATE SCHOONER RETRIBUTION SEIZED IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—The pirate schooner Retribution, last heard from, was capturing our whalers in the Caribbean sea, but has been herself captured in New York harbor. As the story is told, the Retribution, formerly a propeller tug boat, the Uncle Ben, at New York, but sold to parties in Wilmington just before the rebellion, had, after her piratical career in the Caribbean Sea, attempted to get into Wilmington, N. C., but was driven off by our gunboats. She returned to Nassau, the English refuge of the rebel pirates, and there changed or professed to change hands, was repainted, took on board a load of fruit, and sailed for New York, under the name of the Etta. She was there recognized, and has been seized by the U. S. District Attorney, she being quietly stowed away out of notice at Jersey City. The crew which brought the vessel to New York were ignorant, it is said, of her former character. Her former captain is in the West Indies.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have in press and will publish in a few days a new novel, called "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," by the above popular authoress, which they print from her manuscript and advance proof sheets, purchased at a large sum, and issued here a month in advance of the publication of the book in England. They will meet a liberal reward for their enterprise. The forthcoming novel is said to be fully equal, if not better, than any other work written by Mrs. Wood.

THE MOVEMENT IN EAST TENNESSEE.—Intelligence from Burnside represents that his army had passed successfully through the gaps in the Cumberland mountains, and was expected to enter Knoxville on Monday last, Buckner not being able to offer any resistance. The rebel papers in Richmond have been holding out the idea that Buckner had force sufficient to give Burnside a warm reception. If the news above be true, their representations were idle boasts, and prove that they have not a force in the Southwest to hold their position.

THE LATE FROST in the West made great havoc among the corn in Illinois, and the more tender herbacious plants. The frost was as severe in its effects as the season usually is in the middle of October, though not so general as was the exaggerated newspaper statements from the West, representing one-half the corn crop as damaged. The cotton which many of the Western farmers were experimenting with, went with the corn.

SURGEONS AND AMATEURS.—The Boston Transcript says men have been passed by the surgeons as substitutes who have been rejected as drafted men. One of the substitutes has just died of consumption, and another had a club foot. Such examinations are something more than carelessness. The surgeons in Boston must find it as profitable business to accept in the one case as to reject in the other. The Government is the loser in both cases.

SURE TO GROW RICH.—One of the contractors in New York supplies the soldiers in that city with meat in which worms are as lively and numerous as they usually are in old and spoiled cheese. Army contractors seem to regard the necessity to become rich as something more pressing in its character than the duty of being honest and faithful to their engagements. Are such fraudulent practices more honest than picking pockets?

THE VANDERBILT.—The U. S. steamer Vanderbilt was at Rio de Janeiro on the 16th of July. The rebel report of her being sunk by the Georgia is humbug. It pretends to come from Nassau, through passengers, but direct advices from Nassau to the 18th ult. say nothing about it. If anything of the kind had occurred, it would have been known before this directly.

THE DRAFT IN LOUISIANA.—Gen. Banks is enforcing the draft in Louisiana, making no distinction between white and black. The thing disgusts the rebel sympathizers, but they will either have to pay their $300, get a substitute, or join in the ranks. It is said that there is now a dozen negro regiments organized, and a part of Banks' command.

REFLECTION should precede writing and following reading.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS

The long-advertised "Duke's Motto" was produced at the Chesnu, Street Theatre on Saturday night, to a crowded house, and in a style which does great credit to Mr. Wheatley. The play is melo dramatic and full of effective situations and interesting entanglements. It is performed with great care and ability by the Chesnut street Company. It will have a long and successful run, for it is really a pleasure to see a piece so well produced and so ably sustained. Cubas, at the Walnut, is playing, this week, in the "French Spy," in which her dancing will be much more admired than her speaking. The Arch will re open on Saturday night, under its former excellent manager, Mrs. Drew. The house has been rebuilt, during the vacation, and inside and outside shows liberal expenditure to make it a beautiful temple of the drama. Long descriptions of the improvement do not help the public to an idea of their real character. They should go and see them, and judge from their own knowledge. The Eleventh Street Opera House continues to enjoy its popularity, always presenting a novel entertainment and well prepared. They have a Ghost at this establishment, as genuine a one as those at the Concert and Musical Fund Halls, where the Ghosts are great attractions.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Poor Girl; or, the Machinemen and Her Secret By Pierce Egan, Esq. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is a very clever domestic story, issued in cheap form, and is mailed, free of postage to all orders at fifty cents per copy. Those who have read the story of "The Scarlet Flower," "The Marble Heart," "Flower of the Flock," etc., by the same author, will not hesitate to buy and read his present production, which is said to be among his very best.

THE GHOST, a book of remarkable apparitions and ghost stories, has just been published in yellow cover by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, at 35 cents per copy.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ Daniel Webster was once called a steam-engine in trousers.

☞ The French say there are three sexes, men, women and clergymen.

☞ General Cass is so feeble that he cannot live much longer. He is in his 81st year.

☞ Samaritans are plenty as blackberries, in our day, only lack the oil and the twopence.

☞ Quantrell is not a Mexican, but a Buckeye. His real name is Hart. It should be Hardheart.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer urges the immediate increase of the rebel piratical fleet by purchase in England.

☞ O, don't talk to me of facts—for I never believe 'em. Canting you know said there is nothing so fallacious as facts, except figures.

☞ Greene C. Bronson, a famous New York politician, died at Saratoga Springs on the 3d instant.

☞ There are two kinds of cats, one with nine lives, the other with nine tails. The former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon others' backs.

☞ The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "why wasn't it done the other way?"

☞ Wherefore is a darky, with "no hair on the top of his head," like a candidate for a club who has been rejected by its members? Because he's a black bald individual.

☞ At a printer's festival the following toast was given—"The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but must have the original of the latter."

☞ It is said that the oil wells in Canada are drying up, and that, as a consequence, petroleum has advanced to an alarming figure in that region.

☞ While there is no difficulty in procuring other officers for the colored regiments, there is such a scarcity of surgeons that the Surgeon General is compelled to advertise for them.

☞ Silver coin of small denominations is beginning to peep out. When a man passes one, the country papers speak of him as "achieving a daring exploit."

☞ The Savannah Republican pitches into the loyal Raleigh (N. C.) Standard, strong, and urges the banishment of the editor as a submissionist.

☞ The French Gen. Forey gave a grand ball in Mexico about six weeks ago. Three thousand men were present and only five hundred ladies!

☞ They tell of a Cuban lady at a ball in Saratoga last week whose dress and diamonds were valued at $70,000! What an article to confiscate.

☞ A conscript in Springfield, Mass., recently claimed exemption as an alien on a certificate that he was born in New Ashford, Berkshire county.

☞ There was an Irish lawyer who invariably wrote at the bottom of his brief, "If any part of the case should fail, or want making out, call my clerk, Tim Donnegan and he will swear anything."

☞ A Scottish advocate, who in his broad Scotch pronounced the word water "watter," being asked in court by the Chancellor, if he spelled water with two t's, replied, "No, my lord, but I spell manners with two n's."

☞ A certain gentleman in Southbridge who was curious to know how much a pumpkin grew in twenty-four hours, found by actual measuring that it enlarged just 3¾ inches in that time.

☞ The work of boring a new artesian well, to supply the city of Sacramento with good drinking water, has been commenced on the bank of the river in front of the water works building.

☞ How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

☞ The Louisville Journal asks: If a drafted man obtains a substitute, and the substitute is shot when attempting to desert, what is the legal status of the drafted man? Has he been killed by proxy, and should his next of kin take out letters testamentary?

☞ The draft is completed in Vermont. As substitutes are scarce in the rural districts, the army will realize but about one thousand men from this State, the remainder commuting. In Passumsic but one man was drafted, while at McIndoe's Falls nearly all the men liable were taken.

☞ During the bombardment of Port Hudson, three Confederate soldiers were killed by a shell from the mortar boats. These men were buried, and a few days afterwards, another shell from the mortar boats penetrated their graves, and exploded among their coffins. They literally found no rest, not even in the grave.

☞ A certain Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the Temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I cannot say I'm verra fond of rum; for if I tak mair than six tumblers, it's very apt to gie a body the headache."

☞ A mercantile man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it, but he dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!" "Pray, pray, be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Mr. Foote. "Nine and one are ten; go on!"

Why is Charleston like a pea-nut? Because it must be shelled before taken. The correspondent who laboriously manufactured this profound conundrum, is hard at work upon another, in which the "Greek Fire," about which so little has been said, is to explode, and which he guarantees shall be more obvious and more easily guessed.

☞ There were 331 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 117 were adults and 214 children. There were 31 from consumption of the lungs; 46 from cholera infantum; 7 from convulsions; 15 from debility; 11 from congestion of brain; 6 from typhoid fever; 6 from inflammation of brain; 2 from inflammation of the lungs; 32 from marasmus; 4 from palsy; 10 from dysentery and 2 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers, 9.

☞ Beauregard does not approve of Greek fire. Though himself a large consumer of flame, a fire-eater from the start, he is as particular about the kind he feeds on as a gourmand is of his meats. Red-hot shot which he threw at Sumter twenty-eight months ago, setting fire to the wooden barracks in the fort, and thus forcing the garrison to surrender, he considers an admirable article for military digestion, but Greek fire does not suit the fastidiousness of his warlike palate, or the delicacy of his heroic nostril.

THE OPERATIONS IN TENNESSEE.—Rosecrans and Burnside are promised by the rebel journals some hot work before they succeed in driving the rebels out of Eastern Tennessee. The Richmond Enquirer thinks the next great battle will be fought in that part of the country. Buckner is opposed to Burnside and Bragg to Rosecrans. Buckner holds all the passes through the Cumberland mountains, and Bragg holds Chattanooga. The rebels boast of their armies in Tennessee, and probably they are all that they claim, but Bragg has never yet been able to resist Rosecrans' advance, and Burnside is probably Buckner's equal in military skill and experience. The Knoxville Register thinks a battle will not occur before the 8th or 9th of this month.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LATER FROM CHARLESTON.

ARRIVAL OF THE TRANSPORT NEW JERSEY.

The Siege Progressing Favorably.

The U. S. transport steamer New Jersey, Captain Hoxte, arrived at this port to-day from the fleet off Charleston, having left there on Thursday last, Sept 3d. The New Jersey will remain here for repairs, she having grounded on the bar during a gale of wind last month.

When she left, the operations against Charleston were progressing favorably. On Tuesday, September 1st, there was a general engagement between the iron clads and Forts Wagner, Sumter and Moultrie, which lasted through the night, causing much damage to the forts.

In the course of the engagement, Fleet Captain Oscar C. Badger, the successor of the lamented Rodgers, had his leg broken by the explosion of a shell, and it was feared that he would have to suffer amputation. No other casualty was reported.

Fort Sumter was a complete mass of ruins, and did not respond to the fire upon her; so that it was inferred that it had been abandoned by the rebels.

The New Ironsides was lying at anchor, and was not actively engaged when the New Jersey left. Admiral Dahlgren, on board the flag-ship Philadelphia, was inside of the inlet.

On Thursday, four of the monitors had gone up and taken a position nearly abreast of Sumter, in preparatory to a new attack upon the Rebel works.

The land batteries were firing continually—night and day. There had been no renewal of the bombardment of the city but new batteries were constructed, which would open at the proper time.

The army was in the finest spirits, and confident of success under Gen. Gilmore, who was working with the utmost energy. No mention is made of his suffering from illness.

EXCITING NEWS FROM JAPAN.

JAPANESE FORTS SILENCED BY THE U. S. STEAMER WYOMING.

Bombardment by the British Vessels.

THE SHIP ANGLO-SAXON BURNED BY THE FLORIDA.

Prince Maximilian Declines the Mexican Crown.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—Dates from Japan to the 29th July have been received.

The English frigate Medusa, bound from Nagasaki to Kanazawa by the Island passage, was on the 15th of July attacked by the same forts and vessels that had previously fired on the American ship Pembroke. The Medusa received twenty-four shots, and was much injured. She has 4 men killed and 6 wounded.

On the 20th July the American steam frigate Wyoming arrived from Kanagawa, from a trip to punish the Daimio, whose vessels and forts had fired on the Pembroke. The Wyoming reported having done her work well. She blew up the Japanese steamer Sauceefield, silenced nearly all the neighboring forts, and left the Japanese steamer Leneck in a sinking condition. The Wyoming received twenty shots, and had five men killed and six wounded. When she deemed it prudent to proceed to Kanagawa.

On the 24th of July, Admiral Jarez, in the British steamer Semiramis, returned to Kanagawa and reported having arrived with the Semiramis in Simconseki Straits. The British steamer Ordia received a fire from the Japanese batteries, which, with the forts, were bombarded for about three hours. One hundred and fifty three British troops then landed, who destroyed the forts, batteries and town, spiked the guns and blew up the powder magazine, besides burning a village.

But little fight was shown by the Japanese after being shelled out of the forts, and what they did do was from behind trees and the points of rocks. Two thousand Japanese troops are reported to be descending towards the British vessels, but it is not thought that they will attempt to pass within range of their guns.

Nothing at the last accounts could be seen of the Japanese steamers Leneck and Sauceefield but the topmast of one of the sunken vessels. The casualties of the British in the last attack were three killed.

LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE SHIP ANGLO SAXON BURNED BY THE FLORIDA

Prince Maximilian Declines the Mexican Crown.

CAPE RACE, Sept. 5.—The Scotia, from Liverpool, August 29th, via Queenstown, Aug. 30th, passed here at 4 o'clock P. M.

The Arabia arrived on the 28th, and the Hecla on the 29th. The American ship Anglo-Saxon, from Liverpool for New York, was burned by the Pirate Florida, 35 miles south of Kinsale.

The latest rumors indicate that the Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, will decline the Mexican crown.

The War in Arkansas.

CAIRO, Sept. 4.—The steamer Pike, from Duval's Bluff, arrived at Memphis on the 1st. A reconnoitring force had gone to Lake's Bluff, some distance above Duval's Bluff. There was a small rebel force at that place, which made a show of resistance, but were quickly dispersed by our troops. The rebels lost several killed and wounded. There was no loss on our side. A considerable force was sent from Duval's Bluff, last Thursday, the 27th ult., which succeeded in capturing Brownsville after a brief fight, in which the rebels were put to flight. Brownsville is the county-seat of Prairie co., situated 30 miles northwest of Clarendon and about 32 miles northeast of Little Rock.

Another Account.

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARKANSAS EXPEDITION, DUVAL'S BLUFF, Ark., Aug. 26, 1863.—Our advance under Davidson has driven Marmaduke's Cavalry (about 3,000) out of Brownsville, capturing Col. Burbridge and some privates. At date of despatch, Glover's brigade was pushing the enemy toward Bayou Metoe."

TO MAJOR GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD:—

PILOT KNOB, Sept. 2.—Deserters from Burbridge's command report that our force attacked Price, on the 25th inst., at Brownsville and Bayou Metoe. "Old Pap's" forces were driven back across the Arkansas river, on Wednesday A. M. last. The entire rebel force was in full retreat, Steele and Davidson hotly pursuing the fleeing rebels. Hundreds are deserting. Marmaduke's command was wholly routed and scattered. Little Rock was within the grasp of the Union army. The people of Arkansas, north of White river, are praising God for prospective deliverance from Jeff. Davis' despotism.

CLINTON B. FISK,
Brigadier General.

SEVEN THOUSAND REBELS DEFEATED AT BAYOU MELARIE.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 6.—The Republican's Memphis despatch says, the steamer Progress, from White River, brings news that Gen. Davidson, with the cavalry and artillery advance of Gen. Steele's army, on the 28th ult., drove the rebels, 7000 strong, across the Bayou Melarie bridge, killing and wounding about 100 and capturing 200. Our loss was only 30.

The rebels burned the bridge after crossing. Gen. Steele was at Duvall's Bluff, on the 31st ultimo.

The Bombardment of Charleston.

THE PEOPLE ANXIOUS TO SURRENDER—DAMAGE TO THE CITY—SUMTER TO BE BLOWN UP.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—A letter dated Morris Island, Aug. 29th, states that the rebel deserters, several of whom reach our lines every day, represent the people of Charleston as anxious to surrender the city, but Gen. Beauregard is determined to devote it to destruction.

The shelling process caused general surprise, General Beauregard having pledged his reputation, that it was an impossibility and mere Yankee bravado. It has been ascertained that the first shell fired from the Marsh battery entered a house occupied by a number of officers, killing several, and destroying the house. Some of the shells went to the farthest extremity of the city, and destroyed a large cotton warehouse, and other buildings.

The deserters say that there are but 25 men in Fort Sumter, and that it will be blown up as soon as an attempt is made to take possession.

From California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 5.—The steamer Constitution sailed to-day, carrying a hundred passengers and $273,060 in treasure for New York. The Constitution also takes $675,000 in treasure for England, and $555,000 for Panama. The latter sum was supposed to have been forwarded from the Sub-Treasurer here on the Government account, but the latter denies the statement. Another theory is that the shipment has something to do with the purchase of the Almaden Quicksilver Mine.

Low's (Rep.) majority for Governor is now estimated at 16,000, without counting the vote of the absent soldiers, which, it is believed, will increase it to 20,000. The election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention of Nevada Territory, gives in all the precincts, as far as heard from, large Union majorities.

Destructive Fire at Bridgton, N. J.

On Sunday morning, about a quarter before two o'clock, a fire broke out in the new depot of the West Jersey Railroad Company, at Bridgeton, N. J. The flames spread rapidly, and the structure, as well as its contents, was entirely destroyed. Eight passenger cars, several freight cars, and a quantity of freight were consumed. The loss is estimated at $30 000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

Reported Victory.

GEN. BURNSIDE OCCUPIES KNOXVILLE.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—A despatch has been received in this city to-day, announcing that Gen. Burnside entered Knoxville, East Tennessee, on the 4th instant. No particulars are given.

Reported Absquatulation.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 5.—A despatch published by the Gazette from Indianapolis, says that Kelby Ferguson, an old resident, who recently opened a banking house there, has absconded with $30,000 belonging to depositors.

Fire at Danville, Conn.

DANVILLE, Conn., Sept. 5.—Ten buildings and stores, in Main street, were destroyed by fire last night, involving a loss of $45,000.

Destructive Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—Thirty tenement houses, situated in State, Hubbard and Court streets, were destroyed by fire this afternoon. Eighty families have been rendered homeless by this calamity. The loss is estimated at $45,000.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 5, 1863.

The political waters are beginning to be agitated again on the surface. We have only State officers to elect in November, it is true; but as those State officers are expected to be the stepping stones of certain ambitious politicians to a nomination for the next Presidency, the canvass has a prospective importance it will not do to underrate. The Republican nominations, which were made at Syracuse yesterday, would be more popular with the mass of that party, so far as this city is concerned, if Dickinson or Brady was in Cochrane's place as Attorney General; but the ticket, on the whole, seems to give satisfaction. The more hopeful of the Republicans have no doubt of its election; but the Democrats and Constitutional Union men are sure of their ability to send it to the tomb of the Capulets.

Wall street has been crazy for the day or two past. The bears for the moment are swept, or everything before them, and many an operator who was "flush" on Monday morning last, bids fair to go to bed Saturday night a pecrer, though a wiser man. Gold, you will see, is again become a subject of speculation, with an upward tendency in the price. Further issues of Government paper, with an increased demand for shipments, are the commonly alleged causes. The decline in some of the fancy railroad shares has been most remarkable since Tuesday. Take the following for example:

Harlem	23 per cent.	N. Y. Cent	9¾ per ct.
Do pref.	33 "	Erie	13¾ "
Mich Sc.	22¾ "	Reading	9¾ "
Mich. S. G.	14 "	Cleve & Pts.	11 "
Ft. Wayne	16¾ "	Galena	9 "
Chic. & Al.	14 "	C. & Rk. I.	7¾ "
Pr. du Cn.	9 "	Mich. Cent	6 "

A woman of bad character, named Elizabeth Rangs was found dead in her bed last Friday, in a house of ill fame, 344 Water street. She is supposed to have been murdered, and a person, named Timothy Sweeney, has been arrested on suspicion of knowing something about it.

Gen. Dix has addressed a circular letter to the proprietors of the various city newspapers, requesting them to say nothing whatever in their columns in reference to military movements from this city, until further notice. The readers of the "Dollar" must not expect me to be very communicative touching the movement on foot, until such times as our ships and soldiers are within striking distance of the enemy, when the ban will be removed and permission given to publish all about it.

Saturday afternoon, the Board of Councilmen passed, over the Mayor's veto, the celebrated $3,000,000 bill, to purchase exemption for drafted men, and to-day (Monday) the Aldermen will probably concur.

Steamship City of London, for Liverpool, Teutonis, for Hamburg, and Oreole, for New Orleans, all took their departure from this port Saturday. The Creole had an unusually large number of military officers on board.

COTTON.—The market is firmer; sales of 500 bales Middling Uplands were made at 69@70c.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is less active, and prices are lower; we hear of sales of 10,000 bbls. at $4 05@4 45 for superfine State and Western; $4 90@$5 for extra State; $4 55@$5 for fancy brands of Western extra, and $5 25@$5 35 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour continues heavy; sales of 750 bbls. are reported at $5 20@6 30 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 40@8 50 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is without any material change; some sales are reported at yesterday's prices.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is dull and heavy, and prices favor the buyers; 5000 bus. changed owners at 86c@$1 05 for Chicago spring; 95c@$1 12 for Milwaukie Club; $1 16@1 21 for red winter Western; and $1 22@1 26 for amber Michigan. Oats are firmer; some sales were made at 62@65c for Western, and 64@68c for State. Rye is in moderate demand at 80@90c. Corn is more active; 100,000 bushels were sold at 72@73c for Eastern, and 64@66c for State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is firmer. Sales of 2000 bbls. were made at $10 50@11 00 for Prime, and $13@13 50 for Mess. The market for Beef is more active; we hear of sales of 750 bbls. at $10 50@13 50 for repacked Mess, and $13@15 for extra Mess. Lard is heavy; 750 pkgs were sold at 10@10¼c. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, with sales since our last 160 bags Rio at 29¼c., 60 mats Java at 36c., 360 bags Porto Rico, on private terms; and at Boston, for export, 700 bags St. Domingo on private terms.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool, 7000 bus. wheat, 6d., bulk. To London, 1100 bbls flour, 2s. 3d.; 3500 bus. wheat, 8d.; ship's bags; 40 tons oil cake, 21s.; and per neutral, 150 tons do., at 27s. 6d. To Glasgow, 15 tons oil, per neutral, 32s. 6d. To Antwerp, 250 bbls. flour, 2s. 9d. and 50 tons mahogany, 27s. 6d. British brig hence to Montrose on private terms; British bk. 2140 tons hence to Cork, for orders, at 5s. 3d., lay days partially expired; and a British vessel to Bordeaux with tobacco on private terms.

WHISKY.—The market is firmer; 400 bbls. were sold at 49½@50c. for Western and State.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season, as compared with corresponding time last year:

Roads.	Week.	Season.	Last Season.	Incr'se	Decr'e
Reading	68,926	2,181,953	1,583,924	598,028	
Lehigh Nav.	38,122	687,128	809,597		121,469
Lehigh Nav.	28,225	414,987	216,276	198,711	
Lehigh Val.	25,805	866,036	572,648	293,487	
Del. & Lack.	27,113	765,421	717,662	47,759	
Del. & Hud.	25,075	456,018	282,881	183,137	
Pa. Coal Co.	25,979	370,696

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," GENTLEMAN."

O, solitary shining sea,
That ripples in the sun,
O, gray and melancholy sea,
O'er which the shadows run;

O, many-voiced and angry sea,
Breaking with moan and strain—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
Come back to thee again;

And build child castles and dig moats
Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliffs-convolvulus
Once more, round idle hands;

And look across that ocean line,
As o'er life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once,
Full set with canvas free.

Strange, strange to think how some of them
Their silver sails have furled,
And some have wholly glided down
Into the under world;

And some, dismasted, tossed and torn,
Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
At anchor near the shore.

Stranger it is to lie at ease
As now, with thoughts that fly,
More light and wandering than sea birds
Between the wave and sky:

To play child's play with shells and weeds,
And view the ocean grand
But as one wave that may submerge
A baby-house of sand;

And not once look, or look by chance,
With old dreams quite suppress'd,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
Of infinite unrest.

O every solitary sea,
Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say—the type
Of things without a bound—

Love, long as life, and strong as death;
Faith, humble and sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
The wrecks of this small time—

Unchanging, eve lasting sea!
To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of years
Becomes an endless psalm.

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PERFECT MANURES.

What constitutes a perfect manure? Manures differ in their composition. One kind is valuable for its humus-forming properties; another for the properties that contribute mainly to the growth of stalks, leaves and flowers, another for those elements that are essential to the formation of seeds, grains, &c. It is often said of certain kinds of manure, that they do not hold through the season. The plant will start well, and grow for a time, but does not mature much grain or fruit. It is said the manure is used up, or it has not strength enough to carry the plant through. It may be true sometimes that a manure putrifies so rapidly, that its nutritive elements are all given off before the plant has gone through its several stages of growth. But I suppose the above complaint is made of manure when it is deficient in those elements that mainly contribute to the construction of the grain and fruit. What, then, is a perfect manure? That which the plant requires during every period of its growth and maturity. The liquid excrements of animals yields a large proportion of nitrogen, potash and soda. These elements contribute especially to the growth of leaves and stalks. The solid excrement is rich in vegetable-forming elements, as phosphoric acid, lime and magnesia, and these elements are developed more slowly than those in the liquid excrement.

Now it will be readily perceived that neither of these is, by itself, a perfect manure. If you use the liquid alone, you will say that it does not hold out through the season; although it may give you a large growth of stalk and leaf, it will not give a full growth of grain and seeds. If you use the solid alone, you will complain that your plants grow slowly, and are small, even though what grain they do yield may be of good quality. The most perfect manure is that which results from the combination of these two elements in the most intimate manner possible. Other substances may be added to this compound, for the purpose of absorbing the one, or of more readily pulverizing the other, or substances may be added which it is supposed to apply the mixture, as sand and plaster, when it is to be applied to a sandy soil. When these materials are placed in a mass and kept moist, a process soon commences called putrefaction fermentation. By this process several chemical results are brought about. The first is the evolution of several elementary substances, and the second their combination into new compounds, of a highly important character. By the putrefaction process carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen are set at liberty from the compounds in which they previously existed. The oxygen and carbon, having a strong affinity for each other, combine and form carbonic acid. The nitrogen and hydrogen form ammonia, and this, when formed, combines with carbonic acid, forming carbonate of ammonia. Where the air is freely admitted, a large portion of these elementary gases pass off as they are evolved, without forming the unions above indicated, and are thus lost. When the putrifying mass becomes saturated by the compound gases above mentioned, carbonic acid and ammonia, these also pass off into the air and are lost. As these are of immense value to vegetation they should be retained if possible. The most effectual mode of retaining them is to sprinkle the compost heap, when it begins to throw off a strong odor, with sulphuric acid and water, three or four pounds to a barrel of water. This should be repeated as often as necessary. A solution of sulphate of iron, or common copperas, is the next best means. If the manure is to be applied to trees, it is probably better than the uncombined acid; sulphate of lime, or plaster, is useful for the same end. I do not think plaster as useful as some have represented it in this respect. It consists of an acid combined with an alkali, for which it has a strong affinity. If you would disperse this acid from the base, to which it is already married, in order that it may form a new union, you must present a base for which it has a stronger affinity. Potash and soda will attract the acids from lime; but ammonia will not do this, except under peculiar circumstances. I suppose plaster acts mostly by absorbing the fluids, and thereby stopping the putrefactive process for a time, rather than by giving up its acid to be combined with ammonia. When a solution of sulphuric acid, or of sulphate of iron, is sprinkled upon the compost heap, a sulphate of ammonia is formed, which is but slightly volatile. The sulphate of ammonia, thus retained in the mass, is taken up by the rootlets of plants and carried into the sap vessels, where it is decomposed, and furnishes to their formative organs sulphur, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, which are the ultimate elements of which this salt is composed. But these elements are not all which vegetables require. They require carbon, which, in the form of carbonic acid, abounds in manure—iron, manganese, potash, soda, lime and silex. As a general rule, potash, soda and lime should not be mixed up with the compost heap, but should be applied to the soil separately, either in solution or in powder. If applied to the compost heap, they rapidly decompose the compounds of ammonia and permit it to escape. The alkalis should never be mixed with guano for the same reason. Plaster is less objectional, for the reason given above, viz: that it is not readily decomposed by ammonia. MALAKOFF.

Morris County, N. J., 1863.

THE TOBACCO INSECT.

Nature shows herself singularly ingenious in fulfilling the mysterious law imposed upon her by the Supreme Being—namely, reproduction by destruction. She surmounts all difficulties, triumphs over the efforts and precautions of man, and suffers nothing to delay the progress of her operations.

Dr. Guerin Meneville, to whose patient minuteness of examination French science owes so much, has discovered a new species of destructive agent existing under the most singular condition. This agent, in the shape of a minute insect, is the cause of considerable loss to the Parisian government, making its appearance in their tobacco manufactories, living in that narcotic even after it has been submitted to all the usual processes, and notwithstanding the most minute examination of the dried and triturated leaf. The ravages of this insect have been so extensive in the warehoused tobacco, and above all in the cigars, that the serious attention of the administration has at length been called to the loss caused thereby, with the view of indemnifying themselves for the yearly decrease of revenue occasioned by the number and vigor of these tiny adversaries.

In 1847, M. Guerin Meneville, having received from M. Planche, at that time inspector of the tobacco manufactories, a sample of pierced and damaged cigars, together with a small collection of insects found in them and in other forms of the prepared tobacco, made a succinct examination of both cigars and insects. In the interior of one of the cigars inspected a living insect was found. This M. Guerin Meneville made the subject of his most minute examination, because he at once perceived that it constituted a new species in the great catalogue of animated beings—a species that has not yet been described in any work on entomology. It is of singular appearance, possessing a short, squat body, a protuberant back, and a head so much bent downwards, that its eyes, of a triangular form, can by no means see before it, but only beneath, as if nature had sorely designed them to aid the operations of its sharp and serrated mandibles and antennæ. From the singularity of this circumstance, the learned doctor has named his new discovery "the Catoramo," deriving the appellation from two Greek words, which signify *to see beneath*.

This insect, with its many jointed antennæ and bifforked tongue, is calculated to do immense mischief in the cigar depots, being three times as large as the *Xylectinus serricornis*—a little coleopteran, met with in the tobacco imported from Louisiana and other parts of North America.

In other fragments of tobacco were found the corpses of the *Elaphidion irroratum*, peculiar to Cuba, and some blatters or kakerlacs, besides a small species of scorpion indigenous to that island. Thus the scientific observer will hereafter be able to ascertain in many instances from whence comes the tobacco submitted to his inspection, though others of these destructive insects, or divers orders and various figures, originally transported from America and the East, have followed man in all his commercial perigrinations, and are to be met with in every country.

All these insects pierce numerous galleries in the tobacco, more especially in its cigar form, depositing therein a granulous substance of an excrementitious nature, and laying their eggs in the holes they form. The ramifications of these galleries, though not sufficiently numerous to spoil the appearance of the cigar, or render it altogether rotten, nevertheless have the effect of admitting the air, and hindering the free draught of the smoke, thereby making the cigar unsuitable for consumption. But a more serious mischief threatens the smokers than the diminution of material for their favorite pastime. It is well known that many coleoptera possess qualities more or less similar to those of cantharides. Chemical researches would be necessary to ascertain whether the *xylectinus* and the *catorama* have the power of vesication, and to what degree the cantharadine enters into their constitutive principles. Yet incineration certainly modifies these principles; and it is not likely that consumers of tobacco will act with the same kind of accident that lately befell the director of the school farm of Vaucluse.

Writing in 1849, the recorder of the accident says: "This year the cantharides had scarcely arrived at maturity, when they were deprived of their usual nourishment by the keen frosts occurring in the middle of April, which withered the foliage of the lilacs and ash trees. Urged by necessity, they fell upon the asparagus plants that had appeared above the surface of the ground. M. Fabre having, along with his friends, eaten of this asparagus, without being deterred by the strong odor exhaled by the plants, experienced certain disagreeable consequences produced by the taking of the cantharides into the stomach."

Far be it from us to alarm the moderate smokers of Europe. Admitting the presence of the cantharadine in some of the insects found in tobacco—and further, supposing that combustion does not altogether destroy this property—the principle would exist in too small a dose to cause serious inconvenience, and possibly might even be of benefit to some constitutions. Besides, all the tobacco spoiled by the insects is carefully eliminated; and it is seldom that any but products perfectly intact, and of excellent quality, are delivered for consumption.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHAT WITH A FARMER.

To a great many persons farming seems to be an unpleasant and laborious occupation. This is more especially the case with farm hands, or persons employed to labor at so many dollars per month. Compelled to labor without any apparent interest in the performance of their several tasks, it is no wonder that farming becomes distasteful and unpleasant. When your men lay down their hoes, in the middle of the cornfield, to answer a call to dinner, they are not working on the right principle, and your work will not be well done. Strive to interest your hired men in the different duties belonging to their calling, and, my word for it, you will be paid for your pains a thousand fold. Any individual, to become successful in an occupation, must have an interest in the duties pertaining thereunto. If he does not have he had better adopt some other more congenial to his feelings. Farming *is laborious*, so is any other branch of business. Some men labor mentally, others physically. Every farmer should have a portion of ground set apart for the cultivation of rare seeds and plants, and this branch of farming would prove highly interesting to himself and beneficial to the community at large. Look, for instance, at the success met with in the culture of sorghum, coffee, cotton, &c., which have been lately introduced into this latitude. By carefully studying climatology, degrees of latitude, and nature of soils of a country, calculations could be made to ascertain if plants or seeds brought from that country would be productive in this. A certain man had two sons, who were always complaining of the unproductiveness of a certain piece of land which they possessed. When the old man lay dying, he called his sons to his bedside and told them that the land concealed a treasure buried at a certain depth beneath its surface, but he could not point out the precise spot, at the same time delivering into their hands a document to be opened one year from that date. His sons digged carefully but found no treasure, they sowed their crop and gathered an abundant harvest, which brought them a great deal of money. The time had now arrived for opening the old man's letter; it contained these words—"You have found the treasure, *dig deep*, sow good seed." Washington Clark, generous soul, in No. 48 of "Dollar Newspaper" gives us the following information: "Gold! gold! gold! It is fact beyond dispute that all the land in the United States will produce gold. I will send information how to find it upon receipt of $1. Address Washington Clark, Box 830, Springfield, Mass."

I will send his information gratis. Farm your lands with energy, intelligence and perseverance, and they will *produce gold*. "Dig deep—sow good seed." FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ONION CULTURE.

Perhaps some of the readers of the "Newspaper," who do not have success in cultivating the onion, would be benefitted by perusing these few lines, explaining my method of cultivating them: The onion is a profitable vegetable to cultivate, bringing a good price in market, and not injuring the land, besides being an indispensible article for the table. The first thing to be looked at is the selection of the soil, which should be a light, rich loam, although an good rich soil will do. Select a spot as free from weeds as possible. Plow early in the spring, and plow *deep*. About the first of May spread over it a quantity of well-rotted hog manure, to the depth of two inches, and hoe it in well; then rake the bed until the lumps are all fine, and after it has lain two or three months to dry it is ready for the seed. For a variety, I think the kind called the Large Red is the best. It is most prolific in this section, and brings the highest price in market. Sow early in May, and keep the ground loose and free from weeds. A very useful implement for weeding onions, as well as other vegetables, may be made after the following simple manner: take a hard wood plank, two inches thick, and one foot wide, from which cut off a piece eighteen inches long; then cut off one end with a broad-ax, or a hatchet, so as to turn up, like the runner of a sled, so far as the thickness of the plank will admit. Into this plank drive spikes (10 penny nails) in rows, from one to two inches apart, till it is completely filled up to the curve in front, which will leave the small ends of the nails protruding long enough to make an effective harrow on a small scale. On the back of the harrow, a little past the centre, towards the back end, attach a handle of suitable length, secured to an iron strap with arms, coming to a union twelve or eighteen inches above the drag, where a shoulder should receive the handle, which should have a cross piece at the end, to take hold of, to make it complete. The cultivation of the crop consists merely in pushing this drag before you, about once in two weeks, through the rows, leaving the thinning out and weeding on the line of the rows to boys. This article is out of season; but if the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will follow its advice next season, they will be rewarded with success.

Oneida Lake, N. Y., 1863. L. M. R.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WHITE RYE.

Rye in this vicinity is a much more easily cultivated crop than corn, and I think much more profitable. It affords an abundant and healthful diet; its flour forms a very palatable article of food. Griddle cakes, the morning luxury with hot coffee, are greatly superior to buckwheat cakes. Prepare the batter the same as from other flour. Many people prefer it to wheat bread. But the old black kind of rye is greatly inferior to the white variety. I have been raising it for several years, and can, consequently, speak from experience. It is fast superceding the old kind. It stands our winters equally well, and yields fully as much, if not more, per acre. It is sown in August or September, and cultivated in every respect the same as the old kind. It is harvested in the beginning of July here. The straw is nice, white and clean; but is the color of the grain from which it derives its peculiar name. It is easily threshed when dry, but does not shell in harvesting more than the black kind. It is sweet to the taste, and makes bread as good, if not better than Mediterranean wheat. What is designed for making flour can be set up in round shocks and capped, like we do with wheat, and thus be secure against the weather. I think if its superiority to the old kind was generally known, it would be in much greater demand, but it is surely working its way into general favor.

Bellefonte, Pa., 1863. THETA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BURNING GREEN WOOD.

It is to be hoped that there are not many farmers who read the "Dollar Newspaper," who are in the practice of using green wood for the cook stoves, or for warming their rooms. The wood house—generally as impedimenta an appendage to a well-regulated home as a barn—and is usually filled with seasoned wood sufficient for a year's supply. But there are many, we observe, who still use wood in its green state for fuel, hauling a load now and then when the demand becomes imperative, and chopping just enough to appease the clamor in the kitchen. There are many objections to such a course. Just the moral effect is decidedly bad, as it is a requisition upon the women much like that imposed on the Israelites of old. They were required to make bricks without straw, and you require the women to cook and warm the children without fuel, or at least wood that contains in every one hundred pounds about thirty-five pounds of cold water. Now it requires time and patience, and a large stock of good humor, to puff and encourage into steam vapor thirty-five pounds of cold water in a frosty state, when the children are to be got to school in season, and the men to their work. If this trial occurred only once a week, it might be supported with some degree of complacency, but it comes every day, and many times in the day, and often when care and over-labor have fatigued the body and weakened the will. The mind is thus brought into an easily excited state, and give way to words and actions unnatural to itself when not thus unjustly tried. Green firewood should be rejected as the demon of discord in the family, while it smokes and steams and sputters, and refuses to toast, or roast or bake, or boil. It makes the children sulky and tart, the husband gloomy and sour, and the poor wife anxious and disheartened. Many a scene of domestic felicity has been smoked and fizzled out of existence by the use of green firewood. H. W. S.

Tioga County, N. Y., 1863.

TRANSPLANTING FRUIT.

Dry ground should be selected for an orchard. The ground should be plowed at least one foot deep; the holes should be dug considerably larger than the extent of the roots of the trees to be planted, and not less than eighteen inches deep; cut off all broken roots, and smooth with a sharp knife the ends of those that are mutilated by the spade in digging. If the tree is of any size, be sure and cut off at least three-fourths of the top, (better have a tree grow thrifty than live, the first season, or as we term it, head back,) then place the same side to the sun as when in the nursery. It is readily distinguished; the south side is of a reddish brown color, and the north of dark green. When transplanting the tree, extend the roots out to their natural position, and never set a tree deeper in the earth than it was before transplanting; then fill up the hole with earth taken from the surface, well pulverized, and be sure that you leave no vacancies about the roots. If the ground be dry, when you get the roots covered, pour in half a bucket of water, and, when it settles away, fill up the hole. Be careful not to tread the earth down too firm. Then *mulch*—That is, place coarse manure or straw one or two inches deep on the ground about the trees. Mulching is indispensable in this country, either in setting trees or plants; and even hedging does better to be thoroughly mulched when set.

A young orchard should by all means be cultivated with a hoed crop, and never allow small grain or grass to be sown among them. If you wish your trees to fruit young, train the tops to branch within two or three feet of the ground, and keep your pruning knife in your pocket and stock out of the orchard. It will soon pay you for your trouble.—*A. R. Whitney.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—Take one quart of buttermilk, two teaspoonsful of soda, four cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour and half cup of molasses. Mix and steam over a kettle of boiling water, for three hours, and then bake for half hour. This makes very excellent bread, which is not unwholesome to be eaten when warm, as is raised bread. Housewives try it, and if you know any better way, give it to the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper."

Paxlet, Vt., 1863. MRS J. A. H.

EXCELLENT CORN BREAD.—I have often eaten corn bread made by many different persons, and in many different ways, but never ate any that could compare favorably with that made in the following manner, either fresh, or when from one to four days old: one pint sifted meal, half pint wheat flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, milk and cream in equal proportions, to make a stiff batter. Bake one and a half hours, in a moderate oven. It must not be browned, but should be of a nice yellow color. Eat with molasses made from the sugar tree, or of nice white sugar. BOKLUS.

James' Creek, Pa., 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEAN STRAW FOR SHEEP.

It is a well-known fact that sheep always thrive better with a change of feed. "A change of pasture makes fat calves," is an old saying, and one in which there is a good deal of truth. I have always found that sheep do better on different kinds of feed, given each and every day, than on the same kind every day during the whole winter, giving them all they need, but no more than they will eat up clean. I find that sheep are very fond of bean straw, and I always try to have enough to feed them with it once a day during the winter season. In order to have the straw good, it should be harvested as soon as the beans are ripe, and cured, in order to save the beans in good order. I also find that sometimes the beans are not always threshed very clean, the men and boys got in a hurry, but they do not hurt the sheep at all. I think that they are about as cheap for fattening sheep as corn or oats. I have never given them a fair trial, but intend to do so, when I will report for the benefit of the readers of the "Newspaper." F. P.

Riverside Farm, Pa., 1862.

ECONOMY OF FARM-HOUSE LIGHTS.

This is a very important question for the consideration of farmers' wives, who may find that it will not always be good economy to burn their own tallow. Certainly not, if it can be exchanged for a light producing substance that will save the hard unpleasant labor of candle-making, and at the same time afford a much better and more pleasant light. Unfortunately, we have no standard of comparative cost of tallow, the almost universal source of farm-house light, with fluid substances. Kerosene oil is the least expensive of all fluid light-producing substances; such as it is now refined and burned in improved lamps, we believe it to be a very agreeable substitute for tallow candles; but whether cheaper or no, can only be determined by actual experiments in different households, comparing the cost per gallon with the value per pound of tallow, and the light produced, or the light required. As a general thing, farm-house lights are very inferior, and many a bright pair of eyes have been dimmed in consequence. It is on this account that the question of light should be more discussed and experimented upon. Do not continue to use candles, nor any particular form of lamps, nor kind of oil, because you have long been in that practice, if there is really something better.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS

As a general thing, sufficient care is not taken in pickling cucumbers, and large numbers of them "spoil" in less than three months' time. The following method we think the best: Select a sufficient quantity of the size you prefer, which probably cannot be done at one time. Put them into a stone pot, and pour over them a strong brine; to this add a small bit of alum, to secure the color. Let them stand a week; then exchange the brine for clear water, in which they must remain for two or three days. Boil the best cider vinegar, and when nearly cool pour it over the cucumbers, having previously turned off the water. Prepared in this manner, with the addition of cloves, allspice, mustard and cinnamon, boiled in the vinegar, pickles of every kind will keep for a year. In pickling cauliflower, tomatoes, and other vegetables, which easily absorb the vinegar, spiced vinegar should be added when cold.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

WORMS ON FLOWERS.—Can any one of the numerous readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" inform me of some ways of preventing bugs from destroying the flowers of the China Asters? Any information will be thankfully received by AUNT AMIE.

A plentiful use of soap suds is recommended as good.—*Ed. Dollar Newspaper.*

CHRYSTALIZING FLOWERS.—Will some one inform me of the best method for chrystalizing flowers, grass, &c., for winter flower pots?

S. M.

PREVENTION OF SMUT.

The following preparation may be relied on to prevent smut in wheat. Spread the grain rather thinly on the barn floor, and sprinkle it with human urine at the rate of three to four quarts to the bushel. Then add one to two quarts of fresh-slaked lime, and shovel the whole over until the kernels are uniformly coated. This should be done immediately before sowing, to prevent injuring the seed. This dressing will also give a quick and strong start to the young growth. A strong solution of blue vitriol, sulphate of copper, used in the same way, is efficacious in preventing smut, but the first-named preparation is often available where the vitriol cannot be readily procured.

POTATO VINES FOR MANURE.—Potato vines contain a large amount of organic matter, valuable for plant food, and are worth saving for manure. Make a compost heap with the vines and muck, say a layer of the latter four to six inches thick, and a foot of the vines, and cover the whole with muck; or use common loam. The vines will speedily undergo active fermentation and decay, and the muck or soil will retain the gasses passing from them.

PEACH BORER.—It is stated in the Prairie Farmer, that a man in that State, who has four thousand peach trees, finds that a pint of salt put around the collar of each tree, to be a sure remedy for the peach borer grub. He buys refuse salt from the packing houses.

UNDER THE VIOLET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drops their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robin call,
And ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorn and the chestnut fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel's voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall grieve her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The cricket, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPTURE OF JEFF. THOMPSON.

The redoubtable warrior and swamp ranger, Brig. Gen. M. Jeff. Thompson, as has been announced, arrived in St. Louis Wednesday night on the Iron Mountain railroad, and was escorted to the military prison, where he now abides in all the state and dignity of a prisoner of war.

HIS CAPTURE.

The General said he made an arrangement with some members of his staff to meet him at Pocahontas, the whole party being then at Little Rock, and intending to come to Missouri on a recruiting tour, the General going by way of Jonesboro', Arkansas, to see his wife, who was there. He made the best of his way to Pocahontas, and put up at the St. Charles Hotel. Soon after his arrival, Capt. Kay came and stopped at the same hotel. For two days Thompson was engaged in writing letters, while Capt. K. employed himself drawing and examining maps. Monday evening found them still at work, they thinking themselves perfectly safe from war's alarms, Gen. Davidson's army, as they were informed, having left that part of the country.

About dusk, however, the two heard a noisy trampling of horses outside, creating more than ordinary confusion. Captain Kay whispered, "what is that?" "Oh!" replied Jeff, "it's some of our boys, perhaps, who have heard that we are here." Thompson was sitting near a window, facing the street. A horseman rode up, and picking his insinuating face inside the window, said, "Where is General Thompson?" "I am General Thompson, sir," replied Jeff. "Then you are my prisoner, sir. Why, how are you, Jeff?" "Hello! Gentry, is that you?" replied T., nothing disconcerted, although he recognized Captain Gentry, of the Second Missouri State militia cavalry, and commenced tearing up his letters. As Captain Gentry dismounted, Captain Kay whispered, "By thunder! here's the Feds!" "Don't say a word," replied Jeff, "but take those maps and put them in the kitchen stove as quickly as possible"—all the while tearing up his letters. Jeff says he could have escaped, but for those infernal letters; for he had his horses on the other side of the river, intending, if danger of capture presented itself, to make his way out of the back door of the hotel, swim the river, and once over, the devil could not have caught him.

But that huge pile of letters—not less than fifty—implicated parties in this State and elsewhere, which would get them into trouble, and he determined to destroy them. Thus his chances of escape momentarily lessened, until Captain Gentry entered the room, tapped him on the shoulder, shook hands with him, and "claimed him as his own." Capt. G. he was in command of an expedition consisting of the 1st regular cavalry and his own company, the 2d M. S. M. cavalry; that they were in search of Colonel Burbridge, whom they had learned was in that "neck of woods;" but, when some seven miles from Pocahontas, a man had told him that J. Thompson was in the town, telling the very house where he could be found. "He had come after a colonel," said Jeff, "and caught a general." He didn't go on the principle of the man who went a fishing, and threw all the catfish he caught back into the river, saying: "When I go a cattin I go a cattin, but when I go a fishin', I go a fishin'! He took whatever he caught; and, by Jove, he took me."

A SURPRISE.

Not long after his capture—Jeff, having destroyed his letters and Capt. Ray his maps, with the exception of a few, which proved of considerable importance, and which are now in possession of the military here—an amusing incident occurred. Lieut. Miller, ordnance officer of Gen. Crandall's command, hearing that Jeff. Thompson was in Pocahontas, went to see him. Unaware of the presence of Union troops, he rode quite unconsciously into town, by mere chance passing the pickets in the dark, and proceeded quite leisurely to the hotel where Gen. Jeff. was stopping. At the door he was stopped by the guard, who told him he could not get in unless he was an officer. "I am an officer," replied Miller, "and must go in."

He passed in and saluted Jeff., remarking, "Ah! you've got some Feds, I see"—observing a number of gentlemen in the room with blue uniforms, and thinking they were Jeff.'s prisoners. "Yes, I have," replied Jeff, "and a d—d big lot of them too!" Just then Captain Gentry walked up to Miller, and said, "you are my prisoner!" "Ain't you joking?" asked Miller, still believing Thompson was "in command." "Ain't he joking, General?" appealing to Jeff. "Yes," replied the latter, "but it's a confounded serious joke." Then the truth flashed on the benighted and confused mind of Miller, that he was in a town surrounded by Union cavalry, and that, instead of Thompson holding those "bluecoats" in the room as his prisoners, he was theirs. The lieutenant resigned his sword without further parley.

ANOTHER FLEET OF PIRATES.

[From the Western (Eng.) Morning News.]

Within the last few months three steam vessels of war have been sold out of the navy at Plymouth by her Majesty's government, viz., the Avon, Hecla and Merlin. These vessels are now lying in the basin of the Great Western docks, being sold out in an effective state, and not merely for the purpose of breaking up. The Hecla and Merlin have since been re-christened, the former as the Typhoon and the latter as the Sea Hawk. These two vessels are said to belong to a London company, of whom a Mr. Roberts is the representative. The Sea Hawk, which is the only one of the vessels that is fitting out, has been recently brought before the public somewhat prominently. An advertisement has gone the round of the papers setting forth a scheme for a yachting tour to the Mediterranean, Balaclava and the East. Every comfort was to be provided. The vessel, it was said, was "well known as a superior sea boat, and of great speed; while her engines were of the most substantial and powerful character;" "handsomely fitted up, and elegantly provisioned without agitation. Steam of low temperature is allowed to enter by a pipe, and traverse a perforated coil in the bottom of the vessel, escaping with the light oils, and passing off to its condenser.

High-pressure steam is now introduced into the same coil, by means of convenient pipes from the same or another boiler, and the product of this second process passes off to its distinct condenser and receiver-pipes, the other being closed. Superheated steam is next passed from a third source, through the same coil, the former pipes being closed, and passed by a third condenser pipe to its receiver. These condenser pipes are fitted with taps, for use as required. The remaining dead oil is run from the vessel through a tube or pipes to a general receiver, while hot, and submitted to further distillation. If the oils be not previously agitated, and treated with chloride or chlorides, but introduced with them into the vessel, then, after being submitted to steam at 212 deg Fah., and at high pressure before the introduction of the superheated steam, the mixture must be allowed to subside, and the solution of chloride run off. The remaining oil is then treated as if chlorids had not been present. In these processes neither acids nor alkalis must be allowed to come in contact with the oils previous to the above treatment, as, by the action of the acid, the oil is considerably carbonized, and the production in pure oil lessened.

ONLY A JOKE.

I say Lotty, (my aunt always called me Lotty for Natluria,) what are you writing there?

"A letter, aunt," I replied.

"A letter, who to?"

"It is an anonymous letter, aunt."

"Ah! my child," said she gravely, "you should not do it. It is very wrong."

"Wrong, aunt, why, I don't think it is when it is only a joke."

"Only a joke, my child; sometimes jokes turn out to be very serious."

"But this won't, aunt, let me tell you. Fred Lucy is in love with Nina Agleron, but she does not care one straw for him; and, even if she did, she would not encourage him, for he is poor. Well, Lena and I are going to send him a love letter; he will think it came from Nina, and we will have some rare sport."

"Don't do it, my dear. Let me tell you something that happened when I was a girl, though it was only a joke."

I seated myself at my aunt's feet, to listen to her story. She tenderly stroked my curls and commenced:

"My room-mate and confident at boarding school was a most beautiful girl; her name was Irene Carlton. She was the daughter of a rich southern planter, and the favorite of the whole school. She told me, one night, that Henry S. Farrans, the head clerk at the village confectionery, had told her that he loved her; she was so surprised she could not answer, but promised to do so at some future time. She asked my advice about it, and told me that she really loved him, for, if he was poor, he was handsome and polished, but her parents would never be willing for her to marry him. I told her to do nothing that would be likely to anger her parents, and to send him word to discontinue his attentions. She did so, and in a very short time the whole school, by some means, found out about their love-affair.

"Lelia Brown, my next best friend, and myself, resolved to have some "fun" at the expense of Irene and her lover. We wrote an anonymous letter to Henry; he, of course, supposing it came from Irene, answered it. We received it, and wrote another, and a regular correspondence was established. We took good care to keep them from meeting, for we knew if they did so all would be discovered. In his letters Henry begged and implored for an interview, and all the while Irene was wondering why he did not come; but she was too proud to ask.

"Thus matters continued for two or three months, when Henry, finding an interview would do no good, he proposed by letter. That was just what we wanted. The plan was so good that we told it to several others, after promising to keep the utmost secrecy about it. We answered in the affirmative, and told him to engage a priest and come at ten o'clock the [illegible] night, and be married clandestinely. Silly, foolish girl——as we were, little thinking of the wrong we were doing, for we persuaded the innocent Irene, nay, I didn't commence early enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires, that I didn't commence airly enuff. It was a rather cold mornin' when I first proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found my left hand on the floor putty suddent. I thought I'd git up and bild the fire myself.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustained a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the Commissioners. And now no good hand can pick a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illustrated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particularly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

There's varis ways of managin a wife, frend Wales, but the best and only easie way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to both of you! And as years roll by, and accidents begin to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prospain' in a pecooniary pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cabinet ossifer does, and I understan' my biznes a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. George & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy,"

A. WARD.

A WOMAN BEFORE THE MAST.

A very singular case has just come to light, here, (Mauritius, Isle of France,) a brief account of which may not be devoid of interest. Perhaps it may afford the extreme advocates of Woman's Rights another argument for their favorite doctrines. For the sake of all parties, and especially for the sake of the young woman, all names are suppressed; but of the facts, so far as they have occurred here, the writer is cognizant:—

An American vessel put into this port for supplies. Immediately after dropping anchor the Captain repaired to the Consul, and informed that officer that he had a woman on board his ship of whom he wished to be rid. He stated, and in this respect the testimony of the young woman coincided with his, that about nine months ago, and before the ship left America, there shipped on board her, to all appearance, a tall, over-grown boy of about 18 years. For full four months this pretended boy did a sailor's duty without murmur, and without exciting any suspicion. Then, in some trouble which occurred, she confessed herself a woman, to the inexpressible astonishment of everybody on the ship. But, incredible as the statement seems, it was true. The Captain did for her all, and more than all, that could be expected of him under the circumstances. Indeed, she expresses great gratitude to the Captain for his kind, considerate, and gentlemanly treatment of her after the discovery of her sex; and there are abundant reasons for believing that he did indeed bear himself towards her in a very manly and honorable manner. For when he left her here the tears started in her eyes as she took his hard, brown hand, and expressed her sorrow for what she had done, and her determination to be henceforth a woman.

This was the first port made after it was known that a woman was on the ship; and here she was placed under the care of the Consul, who provided for her immediate wants, and has secured her a situation in which she can provide for herself.

From her own statements, it appears she has been a *soldier* as well as a sailor. Her story in brief is this. She married a man who was attached to another woman, but who was overpersuaded by his friends to marry her. Soon after, his indifference to her became painfully manifest. Her father was a cavalry officer; and with his knowledge, if not consent, she donned a man's attire, and enlisted in his corps, and served under his immediate command for many months. At the battle of Fort Oaks her father was killed. Soon after, having been detailed to proceed to New York on some duty, she took the opportunity to leave the army; and, seeing an advertisement for seamen as she walked the street, suddenly and unaccountably determined to try her luck at catching whales. The result has already been described.

A large-hearted American shipmaster, after having thoroughly informed himself of the circumstances, and after repeated interviews with the young woman, finally concluded to ship her as stewardess of his vessel. A number of generous-spirited American residents have made up a purse for her outfit, and she has gone on her way rejoicing. And in time will probably find her way back to her country and friends. Who will say that the age of romance has passed?

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

THE ANSWERS OF A FEW LADIES TO THE ABOVE QUESTIONS.

Mrs. Brown, (of Bloomsbury Square.) "Most decidedly! Doesn't it injure the curtains?"

Mrs. Jones, (Sea Shell Cottage, Brighton.) "There can't be a question about it, and I am only surprised how persons can be so foolish as to put one! Doesn't it stick in the gentlemen's hair? and get embedded in their whiskers? and hang about their clothes for hours and hours, and sometimes days afterwards! So much so that any one can tell a mile off whether the nasty things have been smoking or not. I'm sure it is downright terrible to be shut up in a railway carriage with a party of confirmed smokers—for though they may not be smoking at the time, still the unpleasant smell of their garments is such as to make one regret that Lord Palmerston will not bring in an act of parliament to make every filthy smoker consume his own smoke."

Mrs. Robinson (100 Old Gower street.) "It not only injures the complexion's, but the carpets also. Why, you have only to look at the carpet of a room in which the gentlemen have been smoking over night, and your own eyes will tell you whether it is injurious or not. I have seen carpets (beautiful carpets, that must have cost 5s. 2d. a yard, if they cost a penny,) in such a disgraceful state that a black beetle, I'm sure, would eat himself rather than walk over them."

Mrs Blue Stocken (Minerva Hall, Bath) "If it is not injurious, perhaps you would have the kindness to inform me the reason why we ladies are not allowed to smoke?"

Miss Twentyman, (Willow Lodge, Brixton,) —"It's all a fuss and nonsense, and I quite lose my temper when persons question me about the injuriousness of tobacco. Of course, it is injurious. Don't it kill spiders? Doesn't it stifle gnats, and flies, and even earwigs? Isn't it used in noblemen's and gentlemen's gardens to fumigate the plants? Are not